

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00642627 4

Hawtrey, Charles
The private sector

PR
6015
A794P7
1907



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
Mr. Edgar Stone

Ch's International Copyrighted (in England,
Colonies, and the United States) Edition of
the Works of the Best Authors.

No. 111

The PRIVATE SECRETARY

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

BY

CHARLES HAWTREY

— . . . —
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY SAMUEL FRENCH
— . . . —

CAUTION:—Amateurs and Professionals are hereby warned that
"The Private Secretary," being fully protected under the
copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty and
any one presenting the play without the consent of the author
or his authorized agent will be liable to the penalties by law
provided. Application for the right to produce "The Private
Secretary" must be made to Samuel French, 28-30 West
38th Street, New York City.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



PRICE 55-CENTS

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER

28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

AT

19

Regard Stone

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences.

Price, 60 Cents

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished this feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast.

Price, 60 Cents

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.) Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The thing in which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recognize and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful.

Price, 60 Cents

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

BY
CHARLES HAWTREY

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

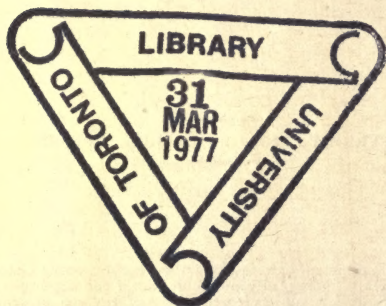
CAUTION.—Amateurs and Professionals are hereby warned that "The Private Secretary" being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty and any one presenting the play without the consent of the author or his authorized agent will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for the right to produce "The Private Secretary" must be made to SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York City.

All rights reserved.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

PR
6015
A794P7
1907



FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION,
CHAPTER 4.

AN ACT to amend title sixty, chapter three, of the Revised Statutes, relating to copyrights.

(January 6, 1897.)

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-six of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby amended, so as to read as follows:

"SEC. 4966. Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic composition for which a copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic composition, or his heirs or assigns, shall be liable for damages therefor, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be willful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year. Any injunction that may be granted upon hearing after notice to the defendant by any circuit court of the United States, or by a judge thereof, restraining and enjoining the performance or representation of any such dramatic or musical composition may be served on the parties against whom such injunction may be granted anywhere in the United States, and shall be operative and may be enforced by proceedings to punish for contempt or otherwise by any other circuit court or judge in the United States.

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the owner, confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

All persons infringing upon the copyright of "The Private Secretary," pirating the play in any way or manner, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Permission to produce this play must be procured by addressing

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28 West 38th St., N. Y. City.

Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Cambridge, November 14th, 1883 ; afterwards performed at Prince's Theatre, London; March 29th, 1884, with the following cast :

| | | |
|---|-------|-----------------------|
| MR. MARSLAND, M.F.H. | | Mr. A. Beaumont. |
| HARRY MARSLAND (his Nephew) | | Mr. H. Reeves Smith. |
| MR. CATTERMOLÉ | | Mr. W. J. Hill. |
| DOUGLAS CATTERMOLÉ (his Nephew) | | Mr. R. C. Carton. |
| REV. ROBERT SPALDING | | Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. |
| MR. SYDNEY GIBSON (Tailor of Bond St.) | | Mr. G. W. Anson. |
| JOHN (a Servant) | | Mr. G. Ogilvy. |
| KNOX (a Writ Server) | | Mr. Chalinor. |
| GARDENER | | Mr. H. Parry. |
| EDITH MARSLAND (Daughter to Mr. Marsland) | | Miss Lucy Buckstone. |
| EVA WEBSTER (her friend and companion) | | Miss Tilbury. |
| MRS. STEAD (Douglas's landlady). | | Mrs. Leigh Murray. |
| MISS ASHFORD | | Mrs. Stephens. |

SCENES.

| | | |
|----------|-------|--|
| ACT I. | | "FOUND." <i>Douglas Cattermole's Chambers</i> |
| ACT II. | | "FULL CRY." <i>Mr. Marsland's Country Seat.</i> |
| ACT III. | | "RUN TO EARTH." <i>Mr. Marsland's Country Seat.</i> |

Time in Representation, two hours and five minutes.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—DOUGLAS CATTERMOLÉ'S *apartments at Mrs. STEAD'S. Comfortable but not luxurious. Doors, R. 3 E. and L. 1 E. Window practicable, R. C. Fireplace, L. Sofa, R. C. Table with writing materials and books, L. C. Sideboard with liqueurs. Cigars, cards, boxing-gloves, etc., at back, L. C. Small table at back, C., with papers, bills, etc.*

DOUGLAS *discovered, smoking cigar.*

DOUGLAS. (*L. of table, reading letter*) Of course, uncle's old fad again! it's enough to drive one mad. Any other man would be glad of a fellow living quietly and decently, but he's got the absurd idea into his head that I must sow my wild oats, and will do nothing for me until I've done so. (*rising and going to fireplace*) And I've no talent for knocking about. I've run up a few bills and I find that is all I can accomplish. And he's as obstinate as possible. When he finds I've been living quietly he is quite capable of going off and leaving me high and dry. When does he say he's coming? (*knock R.*) Come in! (*Returns to L. of table, picks up letter*)

Enter Mrs. STEAD, R.

MRS. STEAD. Good morning, Mr. Cattermole. (*aside*) I'm determined to have it out with him this morning. (*aloud*) Good morning, sir.

DOUGLAS. (*looking up*) Ah, good morning, Mrs. Stead.

MRS. STEAD. (*coming to table*) If you please, sir, these papers have been left for you.

DOUGLAS. (*taking papers; opens one*) A bill! (*gives it back to her*) Another! (*gives it back to her*) And another. (*gives it back to her*)

MRS. STEAD. (*going up*) Shall I put them with the others, sir? I have put all the bills together on this little table. (*puts bills on table up c*)

DOUGLAS. (*L. of table*) You are a very careful woman, I know, Mrs. Stead.

MRS. STEAD. (*coming down*) I hope I am, sir. But oh, dear, how is all this to end?

DOUGLAS. What?

MRS. STEAD. Why, all these bills are owing.

DOUGLAS. Yes; I only wish there were more of them.

MRS. STEAD. (*aside*) That's what he always says. (*aloud*) But sir, you used to be so exact; so very exact.

DOUGLAS. Well?

MRS. STEAD. And now you owe me four months' lodging.

DOUGLAS. Yes. I wish I had never paid you at all.

MRS. STEAD. Thank you, sir, but I wasn't going to speak to you about myself. I have the utmost confidence in you.

DOUGLAS. Thank you—so have I. (*turns up to fireplace*)

MRS. STEAD. But for the others, sir; how will all this end?

DOUGLAS. Oh, you wait and see.

MRS. STEAD. I think I can tell you beforehand. At present your creditors are all very civil, but by-and-bye they'll grow pressing—then impudent—till at last they'll hunt you down like a pack of bloodhounds.

DOUGLAS. (*laughing*) Ha! ha! ha! That's funny!

MRS. STEAD. (*crying*) And you can laugh at that, sir. I can't abear to think of it.

DOUGLAS. (*comes down c. on Mrs. STEAD's left*) Oh stop that crying, my good woman, and listen to me. It's a very funny affair altogether.

MRS. STEAD. Funny, sir!

DOUGLAS. Yes—you must know that I have an uncle.

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir.

(*Knock heard at outer door R.*)

DOUGLAS. Who is very——

MRS. STEAD. (*interrupting*) Stop a minute, sir, there's a knock at the outer door. Do step into the next room for a minute.

DOUGLAS. My good woman, I don't want to step into the next room.

MRS. STEAD. But do, sir, just to oblige me.

DOUGLAS. But why should I?

MRS. STEAD. Oh, do, sir, I'm sure it's one of the creditors.

DOUGLAS. (*going towards door, L.*) But I am not afraid of my creditors.

MRS. STEAD. (*ushers off DOUGLAS L. I. E. Shuts door and returns to L. C.*) But I am, sir—I am.

DOUGLAS. But you won't have to pay them, Oh, very well. (*Exit L., knock R.*)

MRS. STEAD. Come in.

{*Enter GIBSON; door R. 3 E. exaggerated attire, large stick, much gesticulation, at times very affected.*}

GIBSON. Ah! Good morning, Mrs. Stead.

MRS. STEAD. Good morning, sir.

GIBSON. (*coming down R. C.*) Is Mr. Cattermole at home?

MRS. STEAD. (*hesitatingly*) I—I really don't know, sir.

GIBSON. The servant said he hadn't gone out yet.

MRS. STEAD. Perhaps it is that he hasn't been home all night, sir.

GIBSON. Very clever, but it won't do for me. (*sniffing, crossing L.*) Do you smoke?

MRS. STEAD. Smoke, sir! me, sir! no, sir!

GIBSON. Well, I can smell smoke.

MRS. STEAD. Perhaps it's the chimney, sir.

GIBSON. Well, then, the chimney smokes devilish good cigars. (*going up L. and seating himself in arm chair by fire*) Very clever, but I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff like that.

MRS. STEAD. (*a little up stage R. C.*) Well, sir, I see it's no use trying to deceive you.

GIBSON. Not a bit.

MRS. STEAD. So I may as well tell you the truth at once. The fact is, sir, Mr. Cattermole came home late last night.

GIBSON. Oh, what a life these young fellows do lead to be sure. Heigho! (*sighing*)

MRS. STEAD. And why should you sigh like that, sir?

GIBSON. Because I can't live like them myself.

MRS. STEAD. You can if you like, sir.

GIBSON. No, I can't! Don't you know, my good woman, that I'm only a tailor?

MRS. STEAD. A tailor? (*aside*) It's Mr. Gibson!

GIBSON. That's just it! You see, if I were a common tailor, I could live in a common way. But that's just what I'm not. I hate and detest vulgarity, and have a longing for higher spheres. You know, as the poet says so prettily, I long to soar—to soar—well, not exactly into ethereal blue—but on to the upper crust of society.

MRS. STEAD. Soar on to the upper crust! Good gracious! Are you in your right senses, Mr. Gibson? (*goes down R. C.*)

GIBSON. (*rising, coming down, L.*) Why, of course I am, my good woman. But prejudice, vile prejudice, Mrs. Stead. Now, I assure you, I very rarely flatter myself, but I feel that there's all the makings of a first-class gentlemanly article about me. Don't you think

so, eh? Don't you like this style, eh? It's good, isn't it? I say, you don't mean to say you don't think I don't look like a gentleman, do you?

MRS. STEAD. Very elegant, indeed, sir—but, then, with your figure——

GIBSON. What do you know about my figure? You let my figure alone. My figure's not good. No, I don't want to flatter myself—it's very far from elegant; in fact, it's wretched.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir; I'm sure you have a very excellent figure.

GIBSON. Well, you'll allow me to know something about my own figure! (*surveying himself*) This is not figure, my good woman—it's cut! the embellishment of art—high art! I am a believer in high art. And I'm a believer in the higher classes. I wish I could soar among them.

MRS. STEAD. I think you do believe in the higher classes, sir.

GIBSON. Yes, I only feel at home in the company of gentlemen; but, as I said before, prejudice, vile prejudice! Ah, if they'd only give me a chance, I'd show them what a part I could play among the exclusive aristocracy—the upper ten thousand. I don't wish to flatter myself, but I think I should astonish the world. (*crosses to R.*)

MRS. STEAD. I think you ought to be satisfied, sir, with your present position.

GIBSON. (*with eye-glass*) I wish this glass would stick in.

MRS. STEAD. (L. C.) You have an excellent business.

GIBSON. What business have you to talk about my business? I hate my business.

MRS. STEAD. And you make plenty of money.

GIBSON. Money! Yes, I've plenty of money. But money can't buy happiness, can it, Mrs. Stead?

MRS. STEAD. No, indeed, sir, it cannot.

GIBSON. No, and money can't make a gentleman.

MRS. STEAD. All very true, sir

GIBSON. And I flatter myself I can be a gentleman without the money. (*going up to door R.*) Well, good-morning, Mrs. Stead; I shall call again and see Mr. Cattermole. (MRS. STEAD *turning makes gesture of distress*) Ah, by-the-bye—now you seem to be a sensible woman, and know an elegant article when you see one. Now, I shouldn't be very much offended if you were to tell people that you thought I really was a gentleman.

MRS. STEAD. I will, sir! I'll tell them that you want to soar.

GIBSON. Yes, that's my *sore* point! Bon soir! (*Exit R.*)

(*At GIBSON's exit, MRS. STEAD goes to door L., opens it to call DOUGLAS, then turns to R. C.*)

MRS. STEAD. (*laughing*) If he wants to soar, he had better go up in a balloon. (*calling, L.*) Mr. Cattermole! you may come out now.

(*Enter DOUGLAS, L., he goes L. of table.*)

That was Mr. Gibson, sir; but I've got rid of him. And now, sir, will you go on?

DOUGLAS. What?

MRS. STEAD. That wonderful story.

DOUGLAS. Oh, that's soon done! You must know that I've an uncle—

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir; that's where we left off.

DOUGLAS. Who is very rich.

(*Enter Harry quickly, R. 3 E.*)

HARRY. (*coming down to table, and shaking hands with DOUGLAS*) Good morning, old fellow, lucky you're here.

DOUGLAS. Good morning!

Mrs. STEAD. (*to DOUGLAS*) Won't you continue the story, sir?

DOUGLAS. By-and-bye, my good woman.

(turns up, L.)

MRS. STEAD. (*aside*) Oh, how provoking, (*cross to door, R.*) How will it all end? (*Exit, R.*)

HARRY. (*sitting R. of table*) Douglas, I want you to do me a great service.

DOUGLAS. (*at fireplace*) If I can I shall be very glad.

HARRY. You remember that some months ago I wanted three hundred pounds, and you gave me your signature?

DOUGLAS. Oh, yes, I remember.

(DOUGLAS gets cigarette from box on sideboard, lights it C. then drops down to L. of table)

HARRY. That bill fell due three or four days ago.

DOUGLAS. I know it did. The fellow came to me—I told him I couldn't pay.

HARRY. Well, of course not, and Jenkins won't wait. I had notice from him this morning that unless the money was paid before night he would have me served with a writ.

DOUGLAS. Well, let him serve it, that won't hurt you.

(comes to chair L. of table.)

HARRY. No; but look here, old chap, I have an invitation from my Uncle Marsland. You know he's the master of the Featherstone Hounds, and to-morrow is the first meet of the season. I have also a charming note from my cousin, begging me to be sure to come. Now, my chances in that quarter would be quite gone if I were not to turn up.

DOUGLAS. Then turn up, there's nothing to prevent you.

HARRY. But, my dear old chap, the fellow would be sure to find me out, and serve his confounded writ on me down there. My uncle has the most righteous horror of a bill; and as to a writ, why he'd kick me out of the house.

DOUGLAS. Weil, what do you want me to do?

HARRY. Write to Jenkins and tell him you'll be responsible for the whole thing.

DOUGLAS. But, my dear fellow, my signature makes me responsible. Depend upon it he'll get out two writs while he's about it. I'm in just as great a hole as you are.

HARRY. But then, your uncle would help you, wouldn't he?

DOUGLAS. Not a bit of it! Won't give me a penny till I've sown my wild oats, as he calls it.

HARRY. Then the sooner you start off to sow those wild oats the better.

DOUGLAS. But I've no inclination for that sort of thing. Now, if it was your uncle——

HARRY. (*interrupting*) Stop a moment! I have it! My uncle has engaged a new private secretary, whom he has never seen, and who was to have gone down with me to-day. I've got him with me here. Now we'll leave him here and you shall go down in his place.

DOUGLAS. Will that be sowing wild oats?

HARRY. Well, it's a beginning, and may lead to the wildest of wild oats. (*rising*) Here, between these four walls, you never will have much of a chance—but there, who knows—you may fall in love. and when a man's in love he's sure to begin to play the fool, and everything else will come of itself.

(*goes up to door, R.*)

DOUGLAS. (*rising and going up, remonstrating*) But, my dear fellow——

HARRY. (*interrupting*) Not a word! (*opens door; calls*) Mr. Spalding!

SPALDING. (*without*) Yes.

HARRY. Will you be good enough to step this way? (*closes door; goes to DOUGLAS*) This is the most extraordinary fellow you ever saw.

(*Knock, R.*)

DOUGLAS. Come in!

SPALDING *puts his head in shyly, at door, R.*

SPALDING. I beg your pardon. Am I right?

HARRY. Oh yes. (*introducing*) My friend, Douglas Cattermole—Mr. Spalding, my uncle's private secretary.

DOUGLAS. How do you do?

SPALDING. How do you do? (*slight pause, DOUGLAS and HARRY are both up stage, c., chatting and laughing*) I hope I'm not in the way. (*going*)

DOUGLAS. Won't you come in?

SPALDING. Thanks.

Enters. A very shy, awkward young man, dressed like a parson. Umbrella in one hand, goloshes over his boots. DOUGLAS and HARRY stand apart, laughing and talking, not noticing SPALDING, who is standing looking about him as if waiting to be asked to take a seat.

DOUGLAS. (*suddenly seeing him*) Oh, I beg your pardon. Won't you sit down?

SPALDING. Thanks!

Seats himself on sofa; umbrella between legs; puts hat on umbrella; picture.

DOUGLAS. (*returns to sideboard, offers HARRY cigarette, they remain talking till SPALDING speaks, then DOUGLAS goes to L. of table*) Have a brandy and soda?

SPALDING. No, thanks. (*points to Blue Ribbon*)

HARRY. (*going to him*) Allow me to take your umbrella.

SPALDING. No, thanks. I might forget it. I would rather keep it, if you *don't* mind.

HARRY. Not in the least!

(Smacks him on shoulder, and returns to DOUGLAS, SPALDING places his hat and umbrella by his side, takes off goloshes, carefully puts them under sofa, and takes off gloves. DOUGLAS and HARRY laughing aside. SPALDING smooths hair and dabs nose with handkerchief.)

SPALDING. Would you kindly tell me by what train we start? as all my goods and chattels are still at the hotel.

HARRY. You seem to be in a great hurry. Don't you like London? (*takes chair R. of table and sits by SPALDING; DOUGLAS sits on table*)

SPALDING. Oh no, I don't like London! D'you know, (*points finger at HARRY, who starts slightly*) I'm so used to my quiet little study at home that my head gets quite bewildered with all this noise. Everywhere I see written up "Beware of Pickpockets." One is kept busy guarding one's pockets.

DOUGLAS. Oh, come, it's not so bad as that.

SPALDING. Oh yes, it is. D'you know, (*points finger, HARRY jumps*) yesterday I wanted some luncheon—so I went to the British Museum to buy a bath bun; and there I met a gentleman who most politely told me they were just closing. He evidently saw that I was a stranger—I don't know why—and asked me to lunch with him. At first I refused, but he was so pressing that at last I consented, and it ended in our having a very good meal. D'you know, (*points finger. HARRY moves chair away*) that when he wanted to pay he found that his purse had been stolen.

HARRY. } (*look at each other and laugh*) { Oh,
DOUGLAS. }
indeed!

SPALDING. But, luckily, I had mine with me, so could pay for him.

HARRY. } (*laughing*) { Oh, that was very lucky!
DOUGLAS. } { How fortunate!

SPALDING. But that's not all.

HARRY. No?

SPALDING. No. To-day I met a young lady in an omnibus.

HARRY. Who had also lost her purse.

SPALDING. Oh, no. She had lost her aunt. She was so nice! She told me that her papa was a clergyman, and asked me to protect her. She was very nice!

D'you know, we searched for that aunt the whole morning.

HARRY. Of course, without result?

SPALDING. Well, it resulted in a very grave expense. If this continues I shall spend all my money. Would you kindly tell me by what train we start?

HARRY. My good fellow (*slaps him on knee, rises and puts back chair*), I have just heard from my uncle. He wishes you to remain here.

SPALDING. Here in London? How nice!

(*handkerchief business*)

HARRY. You will have no expenses whatever. My friend Cattermole, is going with me to-day and leaves his rooms at your disposal.

SPALDING. You mean that I——

(*rises*)

HARRY. I mean that you may consider yourself lucky—so without any more fuss, my dear Spalding——

(*slaps him on shoulder*)

SPALDING. How nice!

HARRY. You stay here! (SPALDING *sits, puts on one golosh*) You will fetch your things from the hotel. Your landlady is a charming woman, who has neither lost her purse nor her aunt. You will be well cared for and can live at your ease, so look sharp.

SPALDING. How very kind of you to let me have your rooms.

(*takes hat*)

HARRY. (*with DOUGLAS leading him to door R.*) Oh, for goodness sake, no pretty speeches, if you want to see us again.

(HARRY *holding door open*. DOUGLAS L. C.)

SPALDING. (*turning C.*) Oh, you'll pardon me, but I've left my umbrella. (*going to sofa taking umbrella, returning to door*) I'll take it with me, if you don't mind. I always notice that if one leaves one's umbrella it is always sure to rain. (*turning at door*) Oh, I have left my golosh! (*returning to sofa and fetching golosh*) D'you know, (*points golosh at DOUGLAS's face who starts back*) I suffer so much with chronic influ-

enza that I am obliged to wear these. (*tries to put it on his foot*) With your permission, I will put it on. (*Business SPALDING hopping on one foot trying to pull on golosh, HARRY says "Allow me to help you!"*) No. I'll take it with me, if you *don't* mind.

(*Exit SPALDING R.*)

(*HARRY shuts door and stands with his back against it, laughing. DOUGLAS falls into arm-chair by fire.*)

HARRY. Got a brandy and soda, old fellow?

DOUGLAS. Yes, you'll find one there. (*pointing to sideboard*) What time does this train start?

HARRY. 1.15 from King's Cross.

DOUGLAS. (*looking at watch*) Then we've just got an hour to spare. What shall we do? (*picks up newspaper*)

HARRY. Oh, we can't go out. Here are cards—let's have a game at *écarté*.

(*N. B.—Cards to be "made" with twos to sevens at bottom of pack to throw out easily as for écarté. Deal and play as for écarté.*)

DOUGLAS. My dear boy, we can't play cards at this time of the morning.

HARRY. Oh, nonsense! Imagine you've been sitting up all night, and then you'll think nothing of it. Shall I begin?

(*They come down to table, and sit and play.* DOUGLAS, L., HARRY, R. *Knock at door, R.*)

DOUGLAS. Come in!

(*Enter GIBSON, R.*)

GIBSON. Ah, good morning, gentlemen! (*places hat and stick on small table at back*) How glad I am to find you at home *at last*.

DOUGLAS. Good morning, Gibson. What can I do for you?

GIBSON. Very little, sir. I merely called to inquire after your health. (*comes down to back of table*)

DOUGLAS. Thanks, Gibson; I'm quite well.

GIBSON. I'm very glad to hear that, sir, I'm sure. Some time ago I took the liberty of presenting my little bill. It's been mislaid, perhaps, eh?

DOUGLAS. Oh, no. I think not, Gibson. You'll probably find it over there—(*GIBSON goes up to c. table*)—among the rest.

GIBSON. (*taking up handful of bills*) Oh! I see it's not lonely.

DOUGLAS. Oh, I never forget a thing of that sort. But at present it's rather inconvenient for me to pay.

GIBSON. (*aside*) I thought as much.

DOUGLAS. Heavy losses at the Shark Club.

GIBSON. (*eagerly coming down*) The Shark Club, did you say, sir? Do you know, sir, I've heard a good deal about the Shark Club lately. I should very much like to go there myself. You couldn't manage to take me there with you some night? (*back of table*)

DOUGLAS. My dear Mr. Gibson, a club is a private house—one can introduce one's friends—but scarcely——

GIBSON. Oh, yes, I know. You needn't say another word. (*going R.*) Because I'm only a tailor.

DOUGLAS. But I shall be passing your door in a few days.

GIBSON. Passing my door?

DOUGLAS. Yes.

GIBSON. I'd much rather you came in.

DOUGLAS. Merely a manner of speaking, you know.

GIBSON. (*aside*) That's his manner of *paying* too.

DOUGLAS. Won't you have a cigarette or a cigar?

GIBSON. Thanks! (*crosses eagerly to bottom of table and holds out hand*). DOUGLAS says, "Oh, you'll find one over there. GIBSON says, "Oh!" (*goes up to sideboard and gets cigarette*)

DOUGLAS. Brandy and soda?

GIBSON. No, thanks! That's not one of my weak-

nesses. In fact, I've a poor head for drink at any time, but I can smoke (*takes cigarette ; lighting it ; aside*) Evidently wants me to make myself at home. Well, I'll show him I can be as much at my ease as he can. Lord! what a jolly life these young fellows do lead to be sure. (*coming down to table*) If I could only get in among their set, I—Ah! what are you playing?

HARRY. Écarté.

GIBSON. Écarté! I'm a don at écarté. Jolly good game. (*looks over HARRY'S hand*)

HARRY. (*to DOUGLAS.*) I say, old fellow, I want cards.

GIBSON. No, you don't. (*DOUGLAS offers cards*)

HARRY. Eh?

GIBSON. Don't you propose—you play.

HARRY. I wish you'd be quiet.

GIBSON. You don't want cards with a hand like that, surely to goodness.

HARRY. What do you mean?

GIBSON. Why, look here! You've got the king and the knave; the third point must be yours.

HARRY. (*rising and throwing down cards*) Oh, I say, this is too bad! You're exposing my cards! What the devil do you mean?

GIBSON. Why, you can't play the game. Here. I'll bet you a sovereign I win with a hand like that. (*puts hand in pocket*) Oh, no. I beg your pardon, I can't bet you a sovereign—(*going, R.*)—because I don't happen to have less than a fiver. (*DOUGLAS rises and gets C. at table*)

HARRY. At any rate, you don't know how to behave. It's very evident you're not a gentleman.

GIBSON. (*turning and coming up to him*) Here, don't you insult me! Don't you know that's my weak point?

HARRY. (*moving threateningly towards him*) Yes, I should say your weakest.

DOUGLAS. (*coming between them*) Now, shut up, Harry! Gibson, you'd better clear out.

GIBSON. But he said——

DOUGLAS. (*interrupting*) I don't care what he said.

GIBSON. Oh, you, too, eh? You're a precious couple, you are! Why don't you pay your debts? I'm as much of a gentleman as you are. (*taking hat and stick from table, HARRY and DOUGLAS following him up, talking loudly*) This is the first time in my life I've been treated like this, but you shall suffer for it.

(*This to be worked up, HARRY and DOUGLAS saying, "Clear out!" "Can't you see you are not wanted," etc., etc. All talking at once. HARRY to keep over L. DOUGLAS and GIBSON R. all three well up stage.*)

(*Flourishes stick and strikes hat-box, which SPALDING, who now enters, R., is carrying. Pushes SPALDING down stage, upsetting goods and chattels, and exit quickly, saying, "Pay your debts! Pay your debts!" HARRY and DOUGLAS laugh loudly. Enter MRS. STEAD, R.*)

(*Business of SPALDING and MRS. STEAD of picking up and redropping props to be humored with audience. Picture at finish of business.*)

MRS. STEAD. (*seeing goods and chattels*) Oh, dear! what a litter! (*runs to assist SPALDING in picking them up; he quickly snatches them up and places them on sofa, then sits. To DOUGLAS*) Oh, if you please, sir, this gentleman says——

HARRY. (*crossing to R. door*) Yes, my good woman, this gentleman is going to stay here for a few days.

MRS. STEAD. (*to DOUGLAS*) Mr. Cattermole?

DOUGLAS. (*crossing to C.*) Yes, I am going away for a few days, so please pack my portmanteau.

MRS. STEAD. But, sir, before you go, won't you finish that story?

HARRY. (*at door, impatiently*) Come along, Douglass.

DOUGLAS. Oh, that's soon done. You must know that I've an uncle——

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir, I know that. Who is very rich!

DOUGLAS. And this uncle has a fixed idea in his head——(*crosses to door.*)

HARRY. Come along, Douglas. We shall miss the train.

MRS. STEAD. And what is this idea, sir?

DOUGLAS. In fact, he's a little cracked.

(*Exeunt DOUGLAS and HARRY, R.*)

MRS. STEAD. Good gracious! here's a discovery! A rich uncle who is a little cracked. (*sees SPALDING, bursts out laughing aside; to him*) Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. Are you going to stay here?

SPALDING. I am going to take that liberty if you don't mind. I am to live here.

MRS. STEAD. So Mr. Cattermole says, sir.

SPALDING. But I shall not give you much trouble. Would you kindly tell me where I am to put all my goods and chattels?

MRS. STEAD. Oh certainly, sir. (*running to door, L.*) Here, in this inner room, though both these rooms are at your disposal.

SPALDING. Thanks! (*commences to pick up goods and chattels.*)

MRS. STEAD. (*running across*) Allow me to assist you, sir. (*MRS. STEAD crosses behind sofa to R. of SPALDING. At end of business he has the rug between his legs and MRS. STEAD follows him holding it up like a train. In front of table she turns to look round to see if anything left, pulling rug tight and tripping SPALDING up.*)

(*Attempts to pick up parcels, &c. SPALDING hastily snatches them from her. Business ad lib. picking up and dropping parcels &c., then SPALDING crosses to L. followed by MRS. STEAD laughing; and exit. door L. I. E.*)

MRS. STEAD. (*sinking into chair L. of table*) What a funny little man! Well, at any rate he won't give

me much trouble. I think, though, Mr. Cattermole might have asked me if I minded having a stranger staying here. (*knock, R. Packs up cards*) Oh, dear! here's somebody else! Come in! (*knock again*) Another of the creditors, I suppose! Come in! (*third knock*) Oh, come in! (*impatiently.*)

Enter CATTERMOLE, R.; old gentleman; loud voice, gruff, short-spoken.

CATTERMOLE. Good morning!

(*places hat and stick on sofa,*

MRS. STEAD. Good morning, sir. (*rises, gets L. C.*

CATTERMOLE. (*coming down*) Does young Mr. Cattermole live here?

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir, he does.

CATTERMOLE. (*looking about him*) Oh, he does, does he? That's all right!

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir, but the young gentleman has just gone out.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, he's gone out! Well, so much the better.

MRS. STEAD. But I don't think he'll be very long, sir, because he said——

CATTERMOLE. (*turning sharply on her*) That's quite sufficient! I don't want to hear any more! He's gone out! So you're the old landlady, I suppose?

MRS. STEAD. (*indignantly*) Sir!

CATTERMOLE. (*shouting*) I say you're the old landlady.

MRS. STEAD. (*frightened, goes L., aside*) Oh, what a strange fierce man.

CATTERMOLE. My name's Cattermole.

MRS. STEAD. What, sir?

CATTERMOLE. Watson! No, not Watson! Cattermole! (*spells*) C-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e, mole—Cattermole!

MRS. STEAD. (*going L., aside*) Good gracious! it's the cracked uncle! (*in agitation puts hands to face.*)

CATTERMOLE. Why, what's the matter with the old fool? What are you crying for?

MRS. STEAD. 'm not crying, sir.

CATTERMOLE. Well, then, don't you laugh at me, don't you laugh at me!

MRS. STEAD. Oh, dear no, sir, I wouldn't think of taking such a liberty.

CATTERMOLE. Well, if you're not laughing or crying, what *are* you doing? (*loudly*) I say, what are you doing?

MRS. STEAD. (*alarmed*) N—n—nothing, sir.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, you are; you're shaking.

MRS. STEAD. Ah, no, sir; I'm not shaking.

CATTERMOLE. But I say you are!

MRS. STEAD. No, indeed, I am not, sir.

CATTERMOLE. I say you are! (*loudly banging book on table*) And when I say you are—you are!

MRS. STEAD. (*meekly*) Yes, sir, I am.

CATTERMOLE. Then what did you say you wasn't for? I know what it is. It's your conscience.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, it is! Your conscience pricks you.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, indeed it does not, sir; my conscience is perfectly clear.

CATTERMOLE. I say it is your conscience—! (*loudly with book*) And when I say it is—it is.

MRS. STEAD. (*meekly*) Yes, sir, it is.

CATTERMOLE. Then what did you say it wasn't for? I suppose my nephew's a scamp? (*goes c.*)

MRS. STEAD. A scamp, sir?

CATTERMOLE. Yes, a scamp, I said. Don't eat my words! If he is, out with it; don't mind me.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir! He's the steadiest young man in London.

CATTERMOLE. Steady, is he? (*aside*) Well, I'm very sorry to hear that. (*taking up cards*) Hallo! cards! Does my nephew play cards, eh?

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir, he never touches them!

CATTERMOLE. Never touches them!

(*throws down cards disgusted*)

MRS. STEAD. No, sir, it was I playing patience before you came in. (*goes on knees and picks up cards*)

CATTERMOLE. Well, I've no patience with old women playing patience. You ought to be better employed. I'm surprised at you! at your time of life. Well, if he doesn't gamble, what does he do with his time?

MRS. STEAD. (*hesitating*) He——

CATTERMOLE. (*loudly*) I say, how does he spend his time? (*stamps*)

MRS. STEAD. He—he studies, sir.

CATTERMOLE. Studies? Studies what?

MRS. STEAD. B-b-b-books, sir.

CATTERMOLE. What sorts of b-b-b-books?

MRS. STEAD. All sorts of books, sir.

CATTERMOLE. What sorts of all sorts of books?

MRS. STEAD. All kinds of all sorts of books, sir.

(MRS. STEAD *waves her arms above her head*. CATTERMOLE *says*: "Oh lor'! thinks she a windmill!")

CATTERMOLE. What kind of all sorts of all—oh, you don't know what you're talking about. (*goes up to sideboard*) What's this? (*taking up decanter*) What's all this rubbish?

MRS. STEAD. Rubbish, sir!—that's not rubbish—that's brandy! (*down L.*)

CATTERMOLE. Brandy! (CATTERMOLE *chuckles and says*: "Oh! oh!" *shaking head reprovngly at MRS. STEAD who tosses her head scandalized and indignant*) Oh, well does the boy drink, eh? Does my nephew drink?

MRS. STEAD. Oh, sir, what can have put drink into your head?

CATTERMOLE. No, not into *my* head, you old fool! I'm talking about my nephew. (*comes down R of table*)

MRS. STEAD. No, sir. He never drinks, never gambles, and likes nothing better than stopping at home and studying.

CATTERMOLE. Has he got any debts?

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir. (*glances aside at bills with a sigh*)

CATTERMOLE. No debts and doesn't drink! Why he must be a perfect ninny! (*goes R. C.*) But, now, tell me what he is like. You see I've been away in India for some years. (MRS. STEAD says: "Yes, sir," and *curtseys*. CATTERMOLÉ *imitates saying* :) "Well, you needn't say Yes, Sir, as if you knew all about it." What is the boy like?

MRS. STEAD. (*going closer to him*) Oh, sir, he is such a handsome young man. (*clasping hands*)

CATTERMOLE. Yes; you old women have such queer tastes. (*imitates*)

MRS. STEAD. And he's so gentle.

(*folds hands on breast*)

CATTERMOLE. Oh, gentle! (*imitates*)

MRS. STEAD. And so modest.

(*finger of R. hand to cheek*)

CATTERMOLE. Oh, modest, is he? (*imitates*)

MRS. STEAD. Oh! oh! oh!

CATTERMOLE. O—o—oh! sorry to hear that? Well, now tell me—how's his liver?

MRS. STEAD. Sir?

CATTERMOLE. (*shouting*) How's his liver?

MRS. STEAD. (*screams and runs to L.*) I do assure you, sir, I've never seen such a thing in the house.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, you're an old fool, you are!

(*with shouts of laughter*)

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, sir! I'm not an old fool! Poor dear Stead never called me an old fool.

CATTERMOLE. Well, I'll give you a treat now! (*loudly with book*) I am going to call you an old fool. You're an old fool! And when I say you're an old fool, you are an old fool.

MRS. STEAD. Y—y—yes, sir, I am.

CATTERMOLE. Then, what did you say you wasn't for? I know all about it, my nephew's an idiot.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, no, indeed, sir. He's very clever.

CATTERMOLE. I say he's an idiot, and if I say he's an idiot, he *is* an idiot. (*book business*)

MRS. STEAD. Y—y—yes, sir, he is. (MRS. STEAD

shrieks and collapses on her knees. CATTERMOLE stands over her flourishing book)

CATTERMOLE. Then what did you say he wasn't for? But I'm going to knock all that nonsense out of him! I'll make him sow his wild oats! I'll make him go it.

MRS. STEAD. (*alarmed*) Oh, don't make him go it.

CATTERMOLE. (*determinedly*) I *will* make him go it.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, *please* don't make him go it.

CATTERMOLE. He *shall* go it!

MRS. STEAD. He's getting violent! Oh, do sit down, sir. Pray sit down! (MRS. STEAD *crosses behind table to his right. He says, "Pooh!" at her—she retreats up*)

CATTERMOLE. I don't want to sit down. (*sitting R. of table*) I won't sit down! I'll write to the fool! Where are pens, ink and paper?

(*takes pen in right hand*)

MRS. STEAD. (*putting blotting-case in front of him*) There, sir, you'll find everything there.

CATTERMOLE. I don't want everything! I only want pens, ink and paper. Where's the pen? pen? pen!

MRS. STEAD. There, sir!

CATTERMOLE. (*angrily*) Where? Where?

MRS. STEAD. Why, there, sir, in your hand! That's a pen.

CATTERMOLE. (*seeing it*) Well, I know that, you old stupid, but that isn't the ink, is it?

MRS. STEAD. (*putting inkstand close to his face*) There's the ink, sir.

CATTERMOLE. Well, I don't want to drink it. Where's the note-paper?

MRS. STEAD. (*handing him a packet*) Here's note-paper—lots of note-paper.

CATTERMOLE. (*snatching it from her*) I don't want lots of note-paper. I only want one sheet.

MRS. STEAD. And here are envelopes.

CATTERMOLE. (*snatching them from her and throw-*

ing them down, some falling on floor) Don't play with them.

(MRS. STEAD *picks up envelopes, goes on knees, gathers envelopes, crossing to front of table, drops them again by his feet and makes dives at them with her hand.* CATTERMOLÉ *draws up legs saying* "Don't you try and tickle me. Go away. What are you digging at?" *She says,* "I'm not digging, sir, I'm picking up the envelopes." *She rises and gets quickly to back of table for blotting paper.)*

MRS. STEAD. There's the blotting paper, (*placing pen in his left hand*) and here's another pen!

CATTERMOLE. I can't write with both hands at once, can I? And now you can go!

MRS. STEAD. But, Mr. Cattermole——

CATTERMOLE. You can go! I can write this letter without you.

MRS. STEAD. If you please. Mr. Cattermole, I only *just* wanted to say one word. (*pointing at him*)

CATTERMOLE. (*interrupting*) But I *just* don't want you to say it. (*imitates her*)

MRS. STEAD. (*aside, crossing at back to R.*) If I could only speak a good word for his nephew. (*comes to his right*) Mr. Cattermole!

CATTERMOLE. What, ain't you gone yet?

MRS. STEAD. (*running up to door R.*) Oh, I'm going, sir, I'm going!

CATTERMOLE. You're a precious long time about it.

MRS. STEAD. (*coming down a little*) But, Mr. Cattermole.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, she's come back again! Will you go away? Leave me. (*turns his back to her and kicks out*)

MRS. STEAD. But, sir, you haven't seen your nephew for such a long time.

CATTERMOLE. No, and I don't want to see him—I'm going to write to the fool.

MRS. STEAD. But if you would only allow me to describe him.

CATTERMOLE. I don't want you to describe him. He's not a panorama, is he?

MRS. STEAD. He's so gentle, and so studious.

CATTERMOLE. Oh dear! oh dear! (*he turns chair round with a howl. She shrieks and runs away*) My good woman, go and play! go and run up and down! (*gag*)

MRS. STEAD. And he never goes out—always, etc., etc.

CATTERMOLE. (*buries his head in his hands, then takes piece of blotting paper and gives it to her*) Here's some paper! Go and blot yourself out altogether!

MRS. STEAD. Oh! (*Exit R., hurriedly*)

CATTERMOLE. I believe she'd have stayed here all day if I'd encouraged her! that I do. Now, if she'd told me that my nephew was fast, had a lot of gay companions, and, in fact, was a regular little demon, I believe I could have cuddled that old woman! But I won't cuddle her. I'll write to the fool!

(*turns to write*)

(*Enter SPALDING, L. Umbrella in left hand, hat on handkerchief in right hand. He carefully closes door after him, and walks across at back to R. C. As he enters CATTERMOLÉ looks up, sees him, and whistles in astonishment.*)

CATTERMOLE. (*rising and going round at back to meet him*) This is the young hopeful I suppose! (*as they meet, R. C., SPALDING looks up, sees him, and turns to walk back again*) Come here! (*SPALDING stops near door L. Shouting*) Come here!! (*SPALDING turns*) Sit down! (*SPALDING hesitates*) Sit down!! (*SPALDING places umbrella by door and is going to sit on chair placed there*) No, not there, here! here! Come and sit down here! (*throws book on chair, L. of table. SPALDING walks nervously to chair and sits*) Take that hat off. (*CATTERMOLE says, "Oh, lor'!" averts face, extends left arm, waves hand. SPALDING nervously shakes*

hands. CATTERMOLÉ knocks hand away with a growl. SPALDING does so and looks at him, smooths hair. CATTERMOLÉ sits; looking at him) Oh! oh! oh! (bursts into a fit of laughter) What a face! (SPALDING rubs his nose with handkerchief rolled up tight. Knocking his hand down) Don't do that when I'm talking to you. (SPALDING looks at him bewildered) He looks like a parson, I'm blest if he don't! (repeat handkerchief business) Don't do that! (SPALDING makes for door, L., and goes off. CATTERMOLÉ follows, drags him back, and throws him into chair. CATTERMOLÉ stands over him gives him three vicious punches. SPALDING squirms and finally falls on floor. Picture) How dare you run away when I'm talking to you? (going round back of table to his seat) You're a perfect young fiend, you are! (sees blue ribbon in SPALDING'S coat) Hallo! What's this? (pointing to ribbon SPALDING puts hand up. CATTERMOLÉ taps it with pen) No, not that! this! this! (pulling coat and hauling him half over table) What do you want to wear that for now? The boat race is all over long ago. (SPALDING again looks at him, bewildered) Oh, oh, oh! (aside) And that's the heap of misery that old fool of a woman called handsome! handsome that is! let's have a look at Handsome. (puts glasses on and looks at him)

SPALDING. I've no doubt you are surprised! (CATTERMOLÉ shouts with laughter)

CATTERMOLÉ. Surprised! surprised! I should think I was surprised—for of all the objects—(repeat handkerchief business) Don't do that! (CATTERMOLÉ knocks it out of his hand. SPALDING goes and picks it up. CATTERMOLÉ sees goloshes) Hallo! What are those? What on earth have you got on your feet? What are those? (tapping goloshes with pen)

SPALDING. Those are my goloshes.

CATTERMOLÉ. Go—what?

SPALDING. Goloshes!

CATTERMOLÉ. Goloshes! What do you want to wear goloshes for?

SPALDING. D' you know——

CATTERMOLE. (*shouting and bringing his hand down on table*) No, I don't know! (*run off. repeat business making for door, etc.*) How dare you run away when I'm talking to you? I want to talk to you calmly and quietly. Now, then, what do you want to wear those wretched things for?

SPALDING. D' you know——(*catches CATTERMOLÉ'S eye—attempts to run off. CATTERMOLÉ says "No you don't," and stops him*)

CATTERMOLE. No, I don't.

SPALDING. I wear these because I'm so used to them.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, you want to slink about like a ghost, I suppose.

SPALDING. No.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, you do!

SPALDING. Yes.

CATTERMOLE. (*mocking*) Yes. Then what do you want to wear them for?

SPALDING. I suffer so much with chronic influenza.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, you do? Well, that's all right! Now tell me. How's your liver?

SPALDING. How's what?

CATTERMOLE. (*gruffly*) How's your liver?

SPALDING. Nicely, thanks. (*CATTERMOLE laughs*)

CATTERMOLE. Oh, that's all right.

SPALDING. How's yours?

CATTERMOLE. (*angrily, rising. SPALDING nearly falls off chair*) Never you mind my liver; you look after your own—that's quite enough for you to do. Now, what do you want to wear those Indian liver—I mean india-rubber things for?

SPALDING. I wear them to keep my feet warm while walking.

CATTERMOLE. Walking! But what do you want to walk for? (*SPALDING says "H'm?" CATTERMOLÉ mimicks*) What on earth do you want to walk at all for?

SPALDING. Because I can't afford to ride

CATTERMOLE. Can't afford to ride. Why not?

SPALDING. D' you know—

CATTERMOLE. (*shouting*) No. I don't know! If I knew I shouldn't ask you—you idiot!

SPALDING. No! You see the London cabmen use such bad language.

CATTERMOLE. Yes—that's their livers.

SPALDING. And they're so extortionate in their charges.

CATTERMOLE. I say that doesn't affect you. You have an uncle—you have a rich uncle—you have a wealthy—(*disgusted at SPALDING'S not understanding*) Oh! you have an uncle, damn it!

SPALDING. I have an uncle Robert.

CATTERMOLE. (*turns away from him*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! (*to him*) Now, listen to me. Everybody—(*handkerchief business as before*) Don't do that! Put that thing away. Don't let me see it again! (*SPALDING puts handkerchief in pocket*) Everybody makes fools of themselves some time or other. (*SPALDING says "M' yes!"*) CATTERMOLE says "Eh? oh! yes!") When it's done young it doesn't matter—they improve as they grow older, but there are no fools like old fools.

SPALDING. Yes.

CATTERMOLE. But I say there are not!

SPALDING. Ye—es.

CATTERMOLE. I say there are not! There are no fools like old fools. (*threatening him with book*)

SPALDING. Oh, no! there are no fools like old fools. (*pointedly*)

CATTERMOLE. I'm determined you shan't be one of the latter. You understand that? (*SPALDING starts to say "No."*) CATTERMOLE threatens him and corrects himself to "Yes" hastily)

SPALDING. Yes. I understand that.

CATTERMOLE. I'm glad of that. Because I'd rather strangle you with my own hands—that I would.

SPALDING. How nice!

CATTERMOLE. (*turning from him disgusted*) How nice! I wonder if the poor fool's hard up? I suppose I'd better give him some money.

(SPALDING *takes off golosh*)

CATTERMOLE. (*to SPALDING*) Here, give me your purse.

SPALDING. H'm?

(SPALDING *looks at him suspiciously*)

CATTERMOLE. (*determinedly*) Hand me over your purse!

SPALDING. (*rising*) No.

(*Runs over at back to door, R., crying "Help, help!" followed by CATTERMOLE. Enter MRS. STEAD, R. SPALDING puts her in front of him; CATTERMOLE jams them both behind door, shaking his fist at SPALDING: MRS. STEAD screams; CATTERMOLE gets his stick.*)

MRS. STEAD. Oh, don't strike him, sir, please don't strike him.

CATTERMOLE. Don't cuddle me, old woman! (*taking up hat*) I shall come back, and I'll make him go it; if I don't I'm—— (*strikes door with stick and exits, furious. MRS. STEAD closes doors, goes C. showing SPALDING on knees hiding behind the window curtain. He rises and gets C. to catch her*)

MRS. STEAD. (*falling into SPALDING's arms*) Oh, sir, I can't stand it. I am going to faint.

(SPALDING *fans her with golosh.*)

MRS. STEAD. He's mad, sir. I'm sure he's mad.

SPALDING. (*going to L. of table*) Do you know, I think the poor old gentleman's a lunatic—he wanted my purse.

MRS. STEAD. Did he indeed, sir? How alarmed you must have been. You're looking quite pale. Sit down and I'll make you a nice cup of tea.

(*crosses at back to door. SPALDING sits L of table*)

(Enter GIBSON, R., showing in KNOX with writ)

GIBSON. Serve the writ on him! I'll teach him to say I'm no gentleman; confound his impertinence!

(Places stick on sofa. KNOX crosses to SPALDING, slaps him heavily on shoulder and places writ in his hand)

SPALDING. What is this?

KNOX. A writ.

(Exit R. SPALDING reads writ, bewildered)

GIBSON. *(crossing to SPALDING)* Now, which is the gentleman? *(seeing SPALDING)* Why, it's the wrong man!

MRS. STEAD. Who is it you want, sir? *(at door R.)*

GIBSON. Mr. Marsland.

MRS. STEAD. Oh, sir; he's just gone out of town with Mr. Cattermole.

GIBSON. Out of town! Where's he gone to?

MRS. STEAD. I don't know, sir; somewhere in the country.

GIBSON. Oh, I know. He's gone home! Here, fetch me a cab.

MRS. STEAD. Yes, sir.

(Exit door R.)

GIBSON. I'll be on their track before—*(feeling in pocket)* Why, hang it all, I haven't got any change. *(sees SPALDING; goes to him)* Here, lend me a sovereign.

SPALDING. *(terrified)* No.

(Rises and turns to run round at back to R. door. GIBSON goes to meet him, turning over chair, R. SPALDING avoids GIBSON by turning and crossing, front to R. door, leaping overturned chair and crying, "Help, help!" followed by GIBSON, calling, "Where are you going to?" etc. SPALDING tries to open door, R., but cannot do so; then jumps through window. GIBSON seizes him by leg, calling, "Help, help!"

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Morning-room at Mr. Marsland's country house; doors R. I E., R. U. E., L. I E., L. U. E.; case-ment window, C., opening on to conservatory; fireplace, R.; piano, L.; hunting portraits and trophies on walls; large oak chest at back, L. MISS ASHFORD discovered seated at table, R., reading book.*

MISS ASHFORD. It's as plain as the sun at noonday. Besides, what rapid strides Spiritualism has made during the last few years! Ah, if I could but convince Mr. Marsland of the reality of the spirits! Why, here it says they may even be photographed by the aid of a medium. (*rising and going up to C.*) Now where are those girls? They've sneaked off again; they always do directly I begin to read. Oh, there they stand looking down the road through a glass. (*looks off to L.*)

(*Enter Mr. Marsland, L. I E.*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*calling*) My dears! my dears! that is very unbecoming—most unladylike.

MARSLAND. What! Are the girls disobeying again?
(*looks off C. to L.*)

MISS ASHFORD. Well, judge for yourself, Mr. Marsland. There's your daughter climbing up a huge heap of stones.

MARSLAND. Oh, come now, there's nothing very disgraceful in that.

MISS ASHFORD. (*coming down, R.*) No, but it's such bad form.

MARSLAND. (*coming down, C.*) Well, just now there's no one to see them. (*motions MISS ASHFORD to seat and sits on settee*) You know I'm rather glad I've found you alone, for the fact is, I shall be so busy hunting the next few days that I shall have no time for the girls.

MISS ASHFORD. Well, am I not here?

MARSLAND. Yes, and you know my rules—no flirtation.

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, you may depend upon me. I'll keep the girls occupied. Besides they can have some music with the new private secretary. You know he's very musical.

MARSLAND. Yes. I hope he'll *improve* their music. But you know, the song he sang last night was scarcely the style of music I expected.

MISS ASHFORD. Indeed? What was it?

MARSLAND. Yes. Let me see, you saw nothing of him last night.

MISS ASHFORD. No. I was so ill I was obliged to keep to my room.

MARSLAND. Oh, yes, I remember. Well then, the song he sang—Bless me if I can remember. Oh, yes, the song he sang was something like this, (*substitute title of latest well-known comic song*) Do you like that style?

MISS ASHFORD. Not much! But I daresay it's from one of the oratorios. You know I take a great interest in the dear boy on account of my long friendship with his mother. I hope he'll be happy here.

MARSLAND. Yes, but you must not make too much fuss with the young fellow. You must remember that he is in a subordinate position, and must be kept within his proper sphere.

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, I daresay his mental culture is quite equivalent to our social position. Besides, I never can forget my lifelong friendship with his mother. (*rising and giving book to him*) But to change the subject, will you allow me to persuade you to read that book?

MARSLAND. (*rising and looking at book*) "The Latest Proof of Spiritualism." Bah! don't come near me with such nonsense. (*goes L.*)

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, if I had a medium I could soon convince you.

MARSLAND. My dear Miss Ashford, go in for all

that sort of humbug—(EDITH and EVA heard laughing and talking without)—as much as you please, but don't you put such stuff into my daughter's head.

MISS ASHFORD. Certainly not; but its not nonsense! (goes up R.)

(Enter EDITH and EVA, running and laughing, C. from L. EDITH with dog-whip, runs down R. of MARSLAND. EVA, with glasses, hands them to MISS ASHFORD, and remains up stage with her, over R.)

MARSLAND. (taking EDITH's hands) Why, what on earth is the matter?

EDITH. Oh, papa, there's a carriage coming, with such a fat old gentleman in it.

EVA. Yes, we saw him quite plainly.

MARSLAND. Well, did you never see a fat old gentleman before? (EDITH says "Not fatter than you. He's just like a mountain with the setting sun on top.") I was just going to speak to you upon the subject. Here, Eva, come here! (EVA come down, L. C. both girls keep up a constant chatter) Quiet, quiet! Will you be—(they cease talking) Mr. Spalding has been very highly recommended to me, so you must not play him any of your pranks, as you did his predecessor.

EDITH. Oh, papa, we never did.

EVA. No, we never did.

MARSLAND. (putting his arms on their shoulders) Oh come now we know all about that. You must remember that you are grown up now, and must drop all your practical jokes. (EVA tries to snatch dog-whip from EDITH. Girls dispute saying, "Let me have it," "No, it's my own whip," etc., etc.) Now! now! now! Mr. Spalding is a very talented man, and it's a great chance for you to reap some advantage from his presence amongst us. So mind you treat him with respect, and at the same time make him feel at home.

EDITH. } (together) { Yes.
EVA. } { Certainly.

MARSLAND. But you must promise me this

EDITH. } (taking hands) { We promise !
EVA. }

(noise of horse and carriage starts off)

MARSLAND. Very well, then—on that condition I forgive all past sins. (*listening*) Hallo ! why that must be the carriage with the stout party you spoke of. (*goes up, C.* EDITH *goes up R.* EVA *runs up after MARSLAND, and jumps up to look over his shoulder, jumps on chair R. of opening, hand on MARSLAND'S shoulder. As he exits she nearly falls off chair—laughs*) I wonder who it can be ?

(Exit, C. to L.)

MISS ASHFORD. (*coming down C.* EVA *comes down L.*) There, young ladies, you heard what papa said. Now, how often have I warned and entreated you ?

EDITH. Ah, but you were amused yourself.

MISS ASHFORD. But in this instance I shall be against you throughout, for this young man is the son of my oldest and dearest friend.

EVA. Well, you should have seen us with him last night. (EDITH *above* MISS ASHFORD *shakes head.* EVA *catches her eye and changes to very demure tone*) I'm sure our conduct was most discreet.

MISS ASHFORD. (*to* EDITH) And yours ?

EDITH. Most ! (*very demurely*)

MISS ASHFORD. I should like to have seen that.

EDITH. But he's not a bit like your description of him.

MISS ASHFORD. My dear, mine was only a fancy portrait, for I only saw him once, when he was a tiny little baby. Now he may be an Apollo, or the reverse, for anything I know, but he must have a sweet face—has he not ?

EDITH. Yes, he's rather nice looking.

EVA. (*crossing to R.*) And plays a rattling good game at billiards.

MISS ASHFORD. Eva, my dear !

EVA. Well, that's what cousin Harry says.

(Enter MARSLAND and CATTERMOLLE, C. from L.)

MARSLAND. (L. C.) Ah, my dear old friend, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure.

CATTERMOLE. (C.) Yes, I could not stay away when once I returned.

MARSLAND. (*introducing*) This is Miss Ashford, Mr. Cattermole.

CATTERMOLE. (*going to EDITH who comes down R. C.*) How do you do, Miss Ashford?

EDITH. (*laughing*) I am not Miss Ashford.

CATTERMOLE. Then where is Miss Ashford?

(*turning*)

MISS ASHFORD. I am Miss Ashford.

(*comes down R. C.*)

CATTERMOLE. (*shaking hands*) Oh, how do you do?

MISS ASHFORD. Happy to know you, Mr. Scaffold-pole.

CATTERMOLE. No, Cattermole! (*spells*)

MARSLAND. This is my daughter Edith.

CATTERMOLE. (*shaking hands*) How do you do, Miss Edith? I hope we shall be good friends.

EDITH. Yes, I hope so.

MARSLAND. Why, of course you will.

EDITH. This is my friend, Eva Webster.

CATTERMOLE. How do you do, Miss Webster? hope you're better. (EDITH and EVA at fireplace, MARSLAND sits on settee L. C. EVA bursts out laughing, goes up and sits in armchair. MARSLAND looks at her reprovingly; to MARSLAND) Miss Webster's a bit of a kitten, isn't she?

MISS ASHFORD. I was about to ask you, Mr. Rat-tlepole——

CATTERMOLE. Cattermole! (*spells*)

MISS ASHFORD. I was about to ask you if you believe in spirits?

CATTERMOLE. Spirits! Well, yes—in moderation.

MISS ASHFORD. Don't you think they influence our lives for good?

CATTERMOLE. Yes. I shouldn't go in for them too much if I were you.

MISS ASHFORD. Not too much? Oh if I had my own way I would devote my entire life to them.

CATTERMOLE. What a bibulous old lady to be sure.

MARSLAND. I say, Miss Ashford, you must keep your Spiritualistic craze within reasonable bounds.

MISS ASHFORD. So I do.

MARSLAND. Would you mind letting us have a little luncheon here and seeing after Mr. Cattermole's room?

MISS ASHFORD. With great pleasure.

MARSLAND. Thanks!

(sits with CATTERMOLÉ on settee)

MISS ASHFORD. Come along, young ladies. (CATTERMOLÉ is blowing kisses to girls, as MISS ASHFORD up, she sees him—is scandalized. Exit, R. U. E.)

EVA. (to EDITH as they go up) Why, Edith dear, you are always so cold to strangers. You behave quite differently to him.

EDITH. Yes, he's an old fellow—(EDITH swings EVA across to L. C. She falls on one knee at CATTERMOLÉ'S feet and looks up at him coquettishly. CATTERMOLÉ pleased) and I always respect age.

EVA. And size! *(laughs. Exeunt, R. U. E.)*

CATTERMOLE. That's a very nice girl—your daughter.

(CATTERMOLÉ on R. of settee, MARSLAND on L. of settee)

MARSLAND. Yes, and she's a good girl, too.

CATTERMOLE. You won't have her at home long.

MARSLAND. Eh—why—why?

CATTERMOLE. Why—why——

MARSLAND. Oh, she's a perfect child yet.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, they're the sort of children that are run after.

MARSLAND. She mustn't think of that sort of thing for another three years at least.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, you give her three years, do you? Well, I don't! But tell me now—how's her liver?

MARSLAND. Eh?

CATTERMOLE. How's her liver, I said.

MARSLAND. (*laughing*) Why she hasn't got a liver yet.

CATTERMOLE. Hasn't she? What a lucky state of things. I wish I hadn't, but I have, and well I know it.

MARSLAND. Suppose we change the subject.

CATTERMOLE. I wish you could change my liver.

MARSLAND. How about that old scheme of ours—that your nephew should marry Edith?

CATTERMOLE. (*uneasily*) My nephew?

MARSLAND. Yes, your nephew?

CATTERMOLE. Oh, you mean my nephew—oh, of course. Well you know I think we'd better forget all about that.

MARSLAND. Forget all about it! (CATTERMOLE *says* Ye—es!) Why, you wrote to me about nothing else, from India.

CATTERMOLE. From India, yes.

MARSLAND. Don't you remember, not three months ago, describing the sort of young fellow that you hoped to find him?

CATTERMOLE. That I hoped to find him—ye—es.

MARSLAND. Have you seen him?

CATTERMOLE. Yes; I've seen him!—Oh, don't! please don't!

MARSLAND. Does he come up to your expectations?

CATTERMOLE. Up to them. He's far, far beyond them.

MARSLAND. Aren't you satisfied with him?

CATTERMOLE. Satisfied with him? Why he hasn't made the slightest endeavor to carry out one of my wishes. He's a ninny! a nincompoop!

MARSLAND. I'm sorry to hear that.

CATTERMOLE. He's got a blue ribbon thing here.

(*pointing to button-hole*)

MARSLAND. A blue ribbon!

CATTERMOLE. And wears goloshes! My nephew wears goloshes!

MARSLAND. Goloshes! I never heard of such a thing.

CATTERMOLE. No, nor I in the whole course of my life!

MARSLAND. Well, perhaps the poor fellow's delicate.

CATTERMOLE. He's no right to be delicate, has he? I'm not delicate, am I? (rises)

MARSLAND. *(smiling)* No.

CATTERMOLE. I should think not, indeed. If I had I should have been dead years ago. I say, do you remember the night I drove the costermonger's cart from Covent Garden to St. John's Wood in the pouring rain? (sits again)

MARSLAND. Yes, I remember.

CATTERMOLE. What a night that was. Shall you ever forget it?

MARSLAND. Never.

CATTERMOLE. I say, you were getting on a bit that night, weren't you?

MARSLAND. *(uneasily)* No.

CATTERMOLE. Don't you remember—we'd been to Evans—*(singing)*

“Oh, who will o'er the downs so free,
To win a bloo——”

(MARSLAND *stops him*) What's the matter?

MARSLAND. *(looking around uneasily)* I say, we can't have anything bloo——here now, you know; you must remember that all this happened years and years ago.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, that must be five-and-twenty years ago. I was a little slim chap then; wasn't I?

MARSLAND. Ah, so you were.

CATTERMOLE. Do you remember the night I tried to crawl through the railings in Hyde Park?

MARSLAND. No, I don't think I remember anything about that.

CATTERMOLE. Why, you were with us that night—you must remember.

MARSLAND. No—I don't seem to.

CATTERMOLE. Oh, no, of course not—you were run in. (laughs)

MARSLAND. Oh, no! no! (looking round uneasily)

CATTERMOLE. Yes; don't you remember you wanted to take the policeman to your club?

MARSLAND. (trying to silence him) Nothing of the kind—tell me——

CATTERMOLE. I shall never forget your struggling to get a light from his bull's-eye.

MARSLAND. Never mind his bull's-eye. Tell me something about your nephew.

CATTERMOLE. I never shall forget that night as long as I live.

MARSLAND. Your nephew! Your nephew!

CATTERMOLE. (stops laughing) Eh? Oh, no, don't let's talk about him. He's a failure—a downright failure.

HARRY. (off c.) Come along, Spalding!

(Enter DOUGLAS and HARRY, C. from L. Enter JOHN with luncheon, R. U. E. He lays same on table, R., and exits, L. U. E. DOUGLAS goes down to L. corner. HARRY to R. C. MARSLAND remains on settee)

MARSLAND. (to DOUGLAS) Ah, Mr. Spalding, here you are at last. I must ask you to be a little earlier in your hour of rising in the future. (introducing HARRY who is down R.) This is my nephew Harry.

CATTERMOLE. (shaking hands) How do you do, Harry? (rises, goes R.)

HARRY. How do you do? (goes to fireplace)

CATTERMOLE. (to MARSLAND) Why, he looks quite the pink of perfection, doesn't he? When I look at him, and think of that miserable object of mine—oh!

MARSLAND. Mr. Spalding—Mr. Cattermole.

(DOUGLAS starts and stares at CATTERMOLE)

CATTERMOLE. Well, what are you staring at? Did you never hear the name Cattermole before? (CATTERMOLE intones as he spells it and sits at table)

DOUGLAS. Yes, I know how to spell it.

(goes up to HARRY)

MARSLAND. *(sitting on settee)* You know, Mr. Spalding, I'm so very pleased the young ladies are to have the benefit of your highly cultivated literary tastes.

(with paper, not seeing DOUGLAS go up)

(DOUGLAS and HARRY express in dumb show, their surprise and amusement at having met Mr. CATTERMOLE. HARRY puffs out cheeks and with hands passing over stomach indicates CATTERMOLE'S size. DOUGLAS laughs and slaps thigh, drawing MARSLAND'S attention to him. DOUGLAS, who is laughing, catches MARSLAND'S eye, subsides and returns to L. corner)

MARSLAND. First of all *(turning, and seeing DOUGLAS)*—Mr. Spalding, I must ask for a little of your attention, if you please. I was saying that first of all I am going to ask you to give them a few lessons.

DOUGLAS. Lessons?

MARSLAND. Yes—read with them—interest them, and so forth.

DOUGLAS. I'll do my best to interest them.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, you look quite capable.

(shakes finger at DOUGLAS)

MARSLAND. And, then, I'm going to ask you to give them some music.

DOUGLAS. Music? *(nonplussed)*

MARSLAND. Yes. I'm so very glad you're musical.

DOUGLAS. *(confused)* Oh, yes; so I am!

(DOUGLAS goes C. to HARRY in alarm then crosses to top of table for pie bus.)

CATTERMOLE. *(to MARSLAND)* I say, old fellow, this is a capital pie.

MARSLAND. Is it?

CATTERMOLE. Um!

MARSLAND. I'm glad you like it.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, there's only one thing wanting.

MARSLAND. Eh?

CATTERMOLE. I say there's only one thing wanting in that pie, and that is——

DOUGLAS. (*interrupting*) Mushrooms! (*at table*)

CATTERMOLE. I beg your pardon.

DOUGLAS. Mushrooms!

CATTERMOLE. Mushrooms? (*looking about*) I don't see any. Where are they?

DOUGLAS. (*taking up fork, and emphasizing by tapping pie with it*) No, no, you misunderstand me. I thought you said there was one thing wanting in the pie.

CATTERMOLE. (*waving off DOUGLAS' fork*) Yes, I did say that.

DOUGLAS. I merely suggested mushrooms. It's the one thing wanting to give it a flavor.

MARSLAND. (*to CATTERMOLE*) By Jove, he's right there, though!

CATTERMOLE. (*hitting at DOUGLAS' fork*) Oh, yes, he's quite right—(*to DOUGLAS*) but I wouldn't fork it about quite so much as that if I were you.

DOUGLAS. Now you know, there are precious few cooks who know how to do the thing really smartly.

CATTERMOLE. Is that so? (*repeats fork bus.*)

DOUGLAS. Now the best place in town to get a thing of this kind really good is at the Continental. (*stops short and drops fork, CATTERMOLE and MARSLAND stare*) On—on the Continent.

CATTERMOLE. That's the first time I ever heard the Continent was in town. (*to MARSLAND*) I say, old man, do you remember when we went on the Continent together? What games we had. Harry come here! (*whispers him. DOUGLAS looks knowingly at MARSLAND and imitates the can-can. MARSLAND laughs then pulls up shocked. DOUGLAS recollecting turns up C.*) CATTERMOLE looks at MARSLAND and says, "Oh you gay old cock, you!" MARSLAND looks disconcerted; all laugh; MARSLAND looks at DOUGLAS; pulls him up)

CATTERMOLE. (*to DOUGLAS*) Where did you pick up your Continental experience, young fellow?

DOUGLAS. Oh I used to go there every evening—
(*sees mistake*)

MARSLAND. (*astonished*) Every eve—? And where have you gained your culinary knowledge?

DOUGLAS. I—I've an uncle, who's a cook. (*leaning over settee*) A damned good cook too!
(*slaps MARSLAND on shoulder*)

(*MARSLAND starts up. CATTERMOLE, who is drinking a glass of wine, chokes, and spits it out on carpet. He beats his back, shakes his fist at DOUGLAS, pours out another glass of wine, drinks it and falls back in his chair exhausted. HARRY pats CATTERMOLE's back goes up to DOUGLAS and remonstrates in dumb show*)

MARSLAND. Mr. Spalding, I must ask you to be kind enough to moderate your language.

DOUGLAS. (*looks at HARRY, who prompts him to say*) Merely a manner of speaking, you know.

(*HARRY and DOUGLAS go up to C. opening. MARSLAND crosses to CATTERMOLE*)

MARSLAND. I should *rather* think it was. (*to CATTERMOLE*) Well, how about the pie? Have you enjoyed it? (*CATTERMOLE nods assent*) Better? (*CATTERMOLE nods assent*) Well, as soon as you're quite recovered I should like to show you my horses.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, you'll give me no peace till you do—will you?

MARSLAND. And after that if you feel inclined we'll have a look over the kennels.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, we generally end by going to the dogs.
(*rises*)

DOUGLAS. (*running down R. C. and slapping MARSLAND on the back*) Shall I come too?

MARSLAND. (*with dignity*) You come, too? My dear sir, you have your duties to attend to!

(*cross and exit, R. I E.*)

CATTERMOLE. (*to DOUGLAS*) Yes, you'll go to the dogs quite soon enough.

(*Exit, following MARSLAND*)

HARRY. I say, Douglas, you really must be more careful, you're certain to be found out if you're not.

DOUGLAS. I can't help it, old fellow, I'm getting reckless and beginning to go it.

(*Enter JOHN, L. U. E.*)

HARRY. But you shouldn't tell people that you go to the Continental every evening.

JOHN. Beg pardon, sir, there's a gentleman wishes to see you.

HARRY. Who—me?

JOHN. Yes, sir. (*DOUGLAS turns up to piano*)

HARRY. What's his name?

JOHN. He wouldn't say, sir.

HARRY. What's his business?

JOHN. I don't know, sir. He said he wouldn't detain you a moment, but that his business was most important.

HARRY. Very well, I'll go to him at once. I won't be long, Douglas. (*Exit, L. U. E.*)

(*JOHN crosses to table R. C. ; and exits, R. I E., carrying tray and table as it stands.*)

DOUGLAS. All right, old chap! I rather like this place. (*at piano, taking up photos of girls*) The old boy does the thing well, and these little girls are simply delightful. (*goes down in front of settee*)

(*Enter MISS ASHFORD, C. from R.*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*aside*) There he is. He shall find a second mother in me! I never thought he would have grown so tall.

(*DOUGLAS kisses photos and sits.*)

MISS ASHFORD. My dear Robert. (*kisses him. He*

crosses again to L. astonished. He runs to door L. I E. and turns hiding photos behind him, replaces photos on piano hastily as she turns her back) Don't seek to run away! It was but a motherly embrace. I will explain. I was your mother's dearest friend, and was introduced to you when you were only two months old and about so high. *(hands near ground)*

DOUGLAS. I really don't remember.

MISS ASHFORD. Naturally; but I do, and you were such a tiny lump of pink soft terra cotta, with flaxen hair.

DOUGLAS. Flaxen hair! Do you mean to say that my hair was ever flaxen?

MISS ASHFORD. Yes, when you were a baby—and curly.

DOUGLAS. Oh, yes of course. But then one's hair grows darker as one grows older.

MISS ASHFORD. Not always, as you may find if you live long enough. *(points to her own hair)* But now let me look at you, and see if you resemble your dear mother at all. *(puts on spectacles; he leans over settee)* Not a bit; not an atom! She was very handsome.

(DOUGLAS laughs, gets L. C. Goes and sits, R. C.)

DOUGLAS. Oh, I'm like my father; you know it's the case sometimes.

MISS ASHFORD. Well, whoever you are like, I am heartily glad to have you here. My heart jumped for joy when I saw your testimonials.

DOUGLAS. My testimonials were good?

MISS ASHFORD. Excellent! Especially the one for classical music.

DOUGLAS. Yes, I thought that would be good.

(sits on settee)

MISS ASHFORD. You must have worked very hard.

DOUGLAS. Yes, I took a deal of trouble.

MISS ASHFORD. Well, I think you'll be happy here.

DOUGLAS. I hope so.

MISS ASHFORD. Mr. Marsland is a nice, kind gentleman, very fond of good music. Miss Edith is a little

too fond of fun and frolic, but she's a very good girl for all that.

DOUGLAS. But there was another—Eva.

MISS ASHFORD. Yes. Edith being alone, Mr. Marsland invited the daughter of a friend of his to live in the house. Oh, she's a darling child.

DOUGLAS. (*drily*) Yes, they both seem darling children.

MISS ASHFORD. Yes, they are very good girls, but full of their tricks. You mustn't let them impose upon you too much.

DOUGLAS. Oh, never fear; I shall know how to make use of my authority. Besides, my reception was most cordial. They were most kind.

MISS ASHFORD. Ah, that was my doing. In fact, you must depend upon me for everything in this house. If you have a favorite dish or anything of that kind let me know, and I will see to it for you.

DOUGLAS. Very kind of you, I'm sure.

MISS ASHFORD. (*going to him and suddenly grasping his wrist. He rises*) But there's one thing, my dear Robert, I want you to do for me. (*looks around mysteriously, he does same. Both turning together they bump back to back*) I want you—I want you to get me some books on Spiritualism for the library. Will you?

DOUGLAS. Oh, is Mr. Marsland a Spiritualist?

MISS ASHFORD. Oh dear no, I wish he was, but I am. I am devoted to the science. (*turning to him and making a sudden pass, he retreats alarmed. She makes several passes. He retreats alarmed to door L. I E. watches her and then makes semi-burlesque imitations of her gestures*) Are you initiated? Are you one of us?

(*up c.*)

DOUGLAS. I really don't know—but I've heard a great deal about it. (*back of settee*)

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, you do know something about it. That's all right. Then this evening we'll take a walk together.

DOUGLAS. (*aside*) Oh, will we?

MISS ASHFORD. We'll have a conference, and exchange views.

DOUGLAS. Yes. I wouldn't miss that for the world.
(*goes up C.*)

MISS ASHFORD. But now I must leave you, for I have a hundred things to see to. It is not necessary that everybody should know on what intimate terms we are.

DOUGLAS. Certainly not. I am happy to have found so good a friend.
(*kisses her hand, goes up L.*)

MISS ASHFORD. Now, no formality, my dear Robert, but come to my heart, where the memory of your dear mother dwells. (*he goes to her embraces awkwardly: going up*) And now, good-bye, my dear Robert, and remember that you are to look upon this house as your home, and upon me as your second mother.

(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

DOUGLAS. (*coming down, R.*) What a remarkable old lady! Funny household altogether! (*He puts chair which was by table R. C. above door R. I E.*) Anyhow the existence of Edith and Eva reconciles me to the place

(*Enter HARRY, quickly, C. from L.*)

HARRY. I say, Douglas, here's the devil to pay. Gibson's here and swears he won't go until he's paid.

DOUGLAS. But what did you say?

HARRY. I didn't say anything. I couldn't pay the man.
(*goes L.*)

(*Enter GIBSON, C. from L.*)

GIBSON. Ah! good morning, gentlemen.

DOUGLAS. I say, Gibson, what cheek! What do you want here?
(*R.*)

GIBSON. (*C. to HARRY*) You sent your hunting coat to be repaired. I remembered it, sent it down, and took the liberty of following it.

DOUGLAS. But what for?

GIBSON. He owes Mr. Jenkins three hundred pounds for a bill due four days ago.

DOUGLAS. But what's that got to do with you?

GIBSON. I've bought that bill and want to know if he's ready to pay.

(DOUGLAS looks at HARRY amused)

HARRY. (*leaning over settee*) We shall soon be returning to town, Mr. Gibson; when everything shall be made straight.

DOUGLAS. Yes, the very moment we arrive.

GIBSON. Very likely, but I want it made straight here and now.

HARRY. Oh, that's impossible!

MARSLAND. (*without*) All right. I'll see about it.

(*off R. I E.*)

GIBSON. (*crossing to R.*) Impossible? How would you like the writ shown to your uncle?

DOUGLAS. Let's kick him out of the house.

(*crosses L. above settee*)

HARRY. That would be no good. We must keep him quiet somehow. (*crossing to GIBSON. HARRY crosses below settee*) Look here, Gibson, I'm sure you will listen to reason. Can't this thing be arranged?

GIBSON. Yes, sir, it can—in one way.

HARRY. What is that?

GIBSON. By letting me remain down here with you.

HARRY. Oh, that's impossible!

GIBSON. Oh, don't say that, sir. Do you know it's the ambition of my life to be invited on a visit to a country mansion?

HARRY. But, my uncle—the guests?

GIBSON. Oh, bless your soul, I shan't disgrace you. I can behave like a gentleman if I like. Now, you must arrange this for me.

MARSLAND. (*without*) Come along, Cattermole—come along.

(HARRY seizes GIBSON and throws him round to L.)

DOUGLAS catches GIBSON, takes him up L. to C. trying

to persuade him to go. Enter MARSLAND R. I E. with letter in hand, followed by CATTERMOLÉ, who sits in arm-chair up R.)

R. CATTERMOLÉ.

DOUGLAS L.

GIBSON.

MARSLAND. HARRY.

HARRY. Uncle, something very strange has happened; I hope you won't be vexed.

MARSLAND. Well, be quick about it. I've no time to spare.

HARRY. The other day, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman, and he's never seen a meet of hounds, and he's here.

GIBSON. (*who has crossed to HARRY*) Introduce me.

MARSLAND. Well, introduce him.

(GIBSON *is pulling HARRY's coat-tail. HARRY knocks his hand away.*)

HARRY. (*introducing*) My uncle Marsland—Mr Gibson. (*goes up*)

MARSLAND. How do you do, sir?

GIBSON. How do you do, sir? I'm delighted to make the acquaintance of such a fine old English gentleman! (*surveying him*) Why, bless me, sir, what a noble chest you have! That must be forty-two inches round. (*feeling in pocket for tape*) Where's my—
(*producing tape*)

(DOUGLAS *pulls at his coat-tail to stop him, then slaps him on the back, and turns up.*)

MARSLAND. (*aside*) What an extraordinary man! (*introducing*) Mr.—Gib—Gib——

GIBSON. Gibson, sir.

MARSLAND. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Cattermole.

(*goes up to back*)

CATTERMOLÉ. (*curtly*) How do you do?

(GIBSON *bows extravagantly*)

GIBSON. (*astonished, looking at DOUGLAS*) Cat—
Cat—

CATTERMOLE. Cattermole. (*spells*)

GIBSON. How do you do, sir? I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, I'm sure. (*looking around at DOUGLAS*) Strange to say I know someone named Cattermole. Any relation to—

(*DOUGLAS who is L. up stage runs across quickly, nudges GIBSON, then returns to L.*)

DOUGLAS. (*aside to GIBSON*) Shut up!

CATTERMOLE. No. No relation to shut up

(*Enter JOHN, R. U. E.*)

JOHN. (*announcing*) Breakfast is ready.

MARSLAND. That's all right! Come along, Cattermole.

HARRY. (*hurrying off R. U. E.*) Come along, Spalding!

(*MARSLAND follows. DOUGLAS is hurrying off*)

MARSLAND. (*turning and stopping him*) Certainly not. I've already said that Mr. Spalding has his duties to attend to.

(*Exit, R. U. E. DOUGLAS turns to go off, L. I E. GIBSON tries to speak to him, but he repels him, and exits. CATTERMOLE rises and goes up. GIBSON turns to him, and tries to attract his attention by catching hold of his coat. Business, and exeunt, R. U. E. Exit JOHN, L. U. E. Enter MISS ASHFORD, followed by EDITH and EVA, R. I E.*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*coming down to L.*) Now young ladies, our reading. You know I promised your father.

EDITH. (*coming c. with EVA*) Oh, I think it's an absurd idea that we should work to-day.

EVA. So do I. (*they run up*)

MISS ASHFORD. My dears, you don't call reading

work. (*calling off L. 1 E.*) Mr. Spalding, will you kindly prepare the books in the library.

DOUGLAS. (*without*) Certainly.

EDITH. Well, at any rate, we needn't go into that stuffy old library.

EVA. No—it's so lovely here.

MISS ASHFORD. Very well, you shall remain here (*calling*) Mr. Spalding, will you bring the books here?

DOUGLAS. (*without*) With pleasure.

MISS ASHFORD. Now, young ladies, you see that Mr. Spalding is a most accomplished gentleman, so let me again beg of you to keep up a proper decorum; cease from all fun and nonsense, and behave like young ladies.

EDITH. (*R. demurely*) Yes.

MISS ASHFORD. Yes, you little dove-eyed hypocrite—you are the worst of the two. It's you who teach that silly child all her wicked tricks.

EDITH. Well, I will be good, if only for Eva's sake.
(*kisses her.* EVA *waves handkerchief*)

MISS ASHFORD. Be good for your own sake.

EVA. (*at piano wagging handkerchief*) Oh, go on, I don't care.

(*Enter DOUGLAS, L. 1 E., with heap of books.*)

DOUGLAS. Here you are, ladies; I've brought you quite a collection. (*EVA places small table L. of settee; he drops book on it*) The gems of our literature, so they can choose for themselves, eh, Miss Ashford?

MISS ASHFORD. Yes, with the guide, philosopher and friend.

(*DOUGLAS fetches music-stool, and sits behind table; EVA places chair L. of table, and sits; EDITH sits on settee; MISS ASHFORD on chair R. at back, DOUGLAS commences to arrange books. EVA gets table from behind piano L. and chair from below door L. EDITH at once takes a book. DOUGLAS puts it back on table then sees EVA has taken one, he replaces that and goes*

up for stool. Both girls retake books and read. DOUGLAS comes down with stool sees them takes EVA's book, shuts it with a bang. EVA jumps. He then takes EDITH's she says, "Oh! they were just getting married." He sits looking at her reprovingly.)

DOUGLAS. First of all—(*EVA tries to look over book he has taken up; he withdraws it*)—First of all, here's *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

EVA. I thought so!

EDITH. Oh, we know that—by heart.

DOUGLAS. No, by Goldsmith! (*they laugh, he sees the joke*) Well, we'll put the worthy man aside. (*takes up two others*) *Mill on Political Economy, Ditto on the Floss.* (*they laugh, he puts it aside and takes up another*) *Tom Jones* by Fielding.

MISS ASHFORD. (*rising and coming down*) Surely that must be a mistake. *Tom Jones* is a very clever book, but not at all suitable for young ladies. (*girls try to see book*) My dears! my dears!

(*DOUGLAS prevents them, rises and goes to MISS ASHFORD; girls talk.*)

DOUGLAS. Have you read it?

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, yes; (*DOUGLAS looks shocked*) that is, no! well a long time ago.

DOUGLAS. Well, I haven't. (*offering book*) Perhaps you'd like to refresh your memory.

MISS ASHFORD. (*taking book*) I should like to have the care of the book.

DOUGLAS. (*going back to table and taking another book*) I've got another in your line, *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*.

MISS ASHFORD. *Virtue Rewarded*! That must be a very small pamphlet indeed. (*aside going up*) Dear boy, how innocent, he's never read *Tom Jones*.

(*DOUGLAS sits stool. Girls prepare handkerchiefs*)

DOUGLAS. (*reading*) *Milton's Paradise Lost*.

MISS ASHFORD. Ah, that's a good book—read that.

EDITH. It's awfully dry, but go on, we're listening.

DOUGLAS. Well, Milton was a poet, don't you know.

EVA. No?

EDITH. Was he?

DOUGLAS. Well, it says so here; and he was blind, don't you know.

EDITH. Poor old chappie!

DOUGLAS. And he dictated *Paradise Lost* to his daughters, don't you know.

EVA. Poor things!

DOUGLAS. There were only two people in Paradise.

EDITH. (*holding up handkerchief tied in a knot*) Adam!

EVA. And Eve! (*business—handkerchief, L.*)

DOUGLAS. Quite right! Eve he describes as the representative of beauty.

EVA. (*wagging knot*) That's me!

DOUGLAS. Which is nearly allied to evil.

EVA. (*annoyed*) Oh!

DOUGLAS. Adam, on the contrary, was a weak man. (*EDITH lets knot drop; all laugh*) In fact, about the weakest man of his time.

(*he examines handkerchiefs amusea.*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*who has come down*) Mr. Spalding! Mr. Spalding! (*they stop laughing and sit straight*) I think you had better read.

DOUGLAS. Better read?

MISS ASHFORD. Yes, I think the young ladies will understand it better. (*goes back to chair*)

DOUGLAS. All right. (*looks at the girls; all break into a titter; EDITH whispers in DOUGLAS'S ear; he laughs; EVA says to him "Tell me"; he does so. DOUGLAS says "I can tell you a much funnier one than that" puts his arms round their shoulders and whispers. MISS ASHFORD says "Oh!" horrified, rises and comes down and looks at them with glasses. They all laugh until DOUGLAS looks over his shoulder, and sees MISS ASHFORD looking, then all pull up; DOUGLAS reads*) "Of man's first——" (*EVA tickles his ear with knot*) "Of man's

first——" (EDITH *same business*) "Of man's first"——
(*both same business*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*aside*) Now they are fairly started
I can go. Poor boy! I wish him joy.

(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

DOUGLAS. (*reading*) "Of man's first——"

(EDITH *sees that MISS ASHFORD has gone; seizes book
from DOUGLAS and throws it over his head*)

EDITH. (*running to R.*) She's gone!

EVA. (*rising*) Edith!

EDITH. I couldn't help it—it was so fearfully slow.

DOUGLAS. (*quietly pointing to door*) Do you think
she'll come back?

EDITH. No, I don't think she will. (*imitates him*)

DOUGLAS. (*picks up book and gives it to EVA. Re-
placing stool*) Very well, I'm quite at your service.
What shall we do? (*up C.*)

EVA. (*replacing table and chair*) We can't play ten-
nis here.

EDITH. No. Let's have some table turning.

DOUGLAS. Oh, table turning's out of date, like plan-
chette. Spiritualism has made such rapid progress.

EDITH. Are you a Spiritualist?

DOUGLAS. Well, no, not exactly. I've had a good
deal to do with it lately, though.

EDITH. } Really!

EVA. }

DOUGLAS. Yes. (*makes a pass; they start alarmed;
and run to corners*) Got an uncle who's a medium.

EDITH. Oh, tell us all about it.

(*go to him on R.*)

EVA. Miss Ashford has great thick books about it,
but she always hides them from us.

(*go to him on L.*)

DOUGLAS. Well, you must know, then, that the
latest thing out is materialization.

EDITH. }

EVA. }

What's that?

DOUGLAS. They've succeeded in making *spirits* appear in visible form.

(*repeats pass—girls run away as before*)

EVA. Never?

DOUGLAS. (*imitating tone*) Yes! ! They come bringing violets, and hollyhocks, and cabbages, and buttercups——

EVA. (*eagerly*) And butterscotch—butterscotch?

DOUGLAS. Yes. You can shake hands with them.
(*shakes hands with EVA*)

EDITH. (*coming to him*) Really?

DOUGLAS. Yes. And even kiss them.

(*tries to put his arm round EDITH'S waist and kiss her*)

EDITH. (*running to R.*) Thanks. I'd rather be excused.

EVA. (*close to DOUGLAS, meaningly*) Do make a spirit appear.
(*she puts her head on his shoulder*)

DOUGLAS. That's not so easy.

EVA. Why not?

DOUGLAS. We require a medium.

EVA. A medium?

EDITH. What's that?

DOUGLAS. A privileged being, whose highly nervous temperament forms a connecting link between the real and spiritual world.

(*mysterious wave of the hands; girls retreat from him frightened.*)

EDITH. Do get us a medium. (*returning to him*)

EVA. Yes, please, do.

DOUGLAS. How odd! Miss Ashford has asked me to do the same thing, and I've promised to get her one. But what will your father say?

EDITH. (*excitedly*) Oh, he mustn't know anything about it.

EVA. No. We'll put up the medium at the gardener's.
(*runs across to R.*)

DOUGLAS. But Mr. Marsland.

EDITH.

EVA.

} Oh, never mind him, etc., etc.

(*Exeunt, R. I E., followed by DOUGLAS, remonstrating, GIBSON heard without calling, "Yoicks, Yoicks!" Enter CATTERMOLÉ, R. U. E.*)

CATTERMOLÉ. Confound that fellow! He's perfectly unbearable! The more he drinks—the more he talks, the more he talks! the more he drinks.

(*goes to settee and takes up newspaper*)

(*Enter GIBSON, intoxicated, R. U. E.*)

GIBSON. Yoicks! Yoicks! Yoicks!

CATTERMOLÉ. Here, Yoicks, you'll upset your liver if you go on like that.

GIBSON. Yoicks! Yoicks!

CATTERMOLÉ. You've been taking too much wine, Yoicks. I shouldn't advise you to take any more, Yoicks.

GIBSON. Oh no. I'm all right. (*coming down*)

CATTERMOLÉ. Yes, all right and tight!

GIBSON. Jolly thing this hunting breakfast! They're all shouting "Yoicks, yoicks." They've all been to the meet.

CATTERMOLÉ. Yes, and you've been to the drink.

GIBSON. I wish I hadn't had that champagne. (*walks to settee and pushes against CATTERMOLÉ, making him sit*) Let's sit down and talk.

CATTERMOLÉ. (*aside*) Confound the fellow! (*aloud, forcing newspaper into GIBSON'S hand, and taking up another himself*) Here! Go and sit down and read the paper.

GIBSON. I beg your pardon.

CATTERMOLÉ. You do read the paper sometimes, I suppose.

GIBSON. I hope I didn't hurt you. But you take up so much room.

CATTERMOLÉ. I say I suppose you can read?

GIBSON. (*going to arm-chair*) Yes, of course, I can read. But I feel too jolly to read now. I'd rather play a game of sst. (*sits*)

CATTERMOLE. I never played it.

GIBSON. A game of whizzt.

CATTERMOLE. You don't know what you're talking about.

GIBSON. I say, I'd rather play a game of whizzt—sst.

CATTERMOLE. Whist? I think a little nap would do you more good. Besides, I never play double dummy.

GIBSON. Extraordinary thing! they've taken to printing the paper upside down.

CATTERMOLE. Try it the other way about.

GIBSON. Oh, it's all right now. (*pause*) Oh, I can't see to read. Perhaps it's the lights.

CATTERMOLE. More likely the liver.

GIBSON. (*dropping paper on knees*) Oh, I can't read.

CATTERMOLE. I thought not! How long do you think the Government will hold out?

GIBSON. (*laughing*) He! he! he! he!

CATTERMOLE. Oh, don't make that "idiotic" noise! I say, how long do you think the Government will hold out?

GIBSON. I was just thinking how long your waist-coat buttons will hold out.

CATTERMOLE. Hem! hem! I was not referring to the corporation, sir. I was speaking of the Government. How long do you think the Government will hold out?

GIBSON. Well, don't fly in a passion. (*rising*)

CATTERMOLE. I don't want to fly. I'm not the figure for flying.

GIBSON. (*crossing to him*) Gentlemen don't quarrel about politics.

CATTERMOLE. Gentlemen never quarrel.

GIBSON. No; I'm a gentleman.

CATTERMOLE. Yes, you are!

GIBSON. (*catching hold of CATTERMOLE'S coat*) Excuse me——

CATTERMOLE. Be quiet.

GIBSON. Excuse me——

CATTERMOLE. Don't do that!

GIBSON. No—but excuse me.

CATTERMOLE. (*rising and crossing to R.*) If you want a redistribution of seats you can have it.

GIBSON. Excuse me, but your coat's very badly cut.

CATTERMOLE. Who's been cutting my coat?

(*trying to see his back*)

GIBSON. You'll pardon me making the remark—but you 'aven't got a fit.

CATTERMOLE. No, but I shall have in a minute if you go on like this.

GIBSON. I'm a judge of these things.

CATTERMOLE. We were not talking of coats—we were talking of politics!

GIBSON. Oh, blow politics! (CATTERMOLE says "I don't want to blow politics.") Do you know where the fault lies?

CATTERMOLE. Yes, in the Government.

GIBSON. No, in the coat. (*taking hold of him under the arm*) Here, I'll show you in two minutes.

CATTERMOLE. Don't tickle me!

GIBSON. The sleeve's put in all wrong!

CATTERMOLE. Who's been putting my sleeve in wrong?

GIBSON. That coat was made by an ijjot.

CATTERMOLE. It was not, "made in Egypt." It was made in Calcutta.

GIBSON. What cutter?

CATTERMOLE. Calcutta.

GIBSON. I don't know him! Whoever he is, he has made you look an object. (*trying to measure him with newspaper*) Here, I'll measure you for a coat! I'll measure you for a pair of trousers!

(CATTERMOLE walks round room to L. then R. to avoid him; he follows. CATTERMOLE pushes him on to settlee, tearing a piece out of his paper. Enter DOUGLAS quickly, R. I E.)

CATTERMOLE. (R.) That fellow's talking like a tailor.

DOUGLAS. (*crossing to GIBSON*) I say, Gibson.

GIBSON. That old gentleman's 99 round the waist.
(*on settee back to audience*)

CATTERMOLE. It's a libel!

DOUGLAS. (*going to CATTERMOLE*) Don't take any notice of him. He's an amateur tailor; he's President of the Dress Improvement Society.

(*goes to GIBSON who goes L.*)

CATTERMOLE. I'm sorry for the society.

GIBSON. (*with paper to DOUGLAS*) It's all right! I'm reading a leading article.

DOUGLAS. (*to CATTERMOLE*) He had a bad sunstroke. (C.)

CATTERMOLE. He ought to be put under restraint

GIBSON. I'll measure him for a sunstroke! Oh, look at his baggy old trousers! I'll measure him for a pair of trousers.

(*Unfolds paper to measure him; it is torn in the shape of a pair of trousers. CATTERMOLE points it out to DOUGLAS, who rushes at GIBSON and forces him off, L. I E., closes door*)

CATTERMOLE. Go and put his head under a pump!
(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

(*Enter SPALDING, cautiously, C. from L., with goods and chattels. After looking about, he comes down to settee, sits, and carefully places his goods and chattels on floor in front of him. After placing props in a row near floats, band-box nearest settee, counts them with finger, finds one short. Counts from other end. Considers, realizes he has goloshes on, removes them and places them end of row. Counts again, satisfied. Places hat on top of settee, smooths hair, handkerchief to nose, all before he speaks.*)

SPALDING. Thank goodness, here I am at last!

I've walked over two miles with all my goods and chattels, and I'm half dead! I was obliged to come after that telegram. This seems like city of the dead! I haven't met a soul! They told me in the village that they had all gone to the meet. I suppose there's no harm in my remaining here till some^eone comes. Oh, dear, I'm so tired! I'll endeavor to take a little repose. (yawns)

(Covers his head with shawl, and lies back on settee.
Enter CATTERMOLÉ, R. U. E. with paper)

CATTERMOLE. (coming down) Thank goodness that amateur snip's gone! I never met such a vulgar brute in the whole course of my life. Now I shall have a chance to read the newspaper in peace.

(Sits on SPALDING, who throws shawl off his head. They turn and recognize each other. Picture. CATTERMOLÉ rises, putting his foot through band-box. SPALDING tries to pick up the contents. CATTERMOLÉ prevents him. In rising SPALDING throws shawl over CATTERMOLÉ'S shoulders. CATTERMOLÉ puts orange and bun in his pocket. Draws shawl round him and brandishes bottle of milk. Picture. SPALDING on knees says "You've got my bath bun.")

CATTERMOLE. How dare you come here, sir? What brought you here?

SPALDING. The train brought me here.

CATTERMOLE. None of your nonsense! What motive?

SPALDING. The locomotive.

CATTERMOLE. Don't you jest with me, sir! I say, what brought you here?

SPALDING. D'you know——

CATTERMOLE. No, I don't know.

(strikes hat on settee with bottle)

SPALDING. Mr. Marsland telegraphed for me to come immediately. (snatching hat away)

CATTERMOLE. Mr. Marsland acted in perfect good faith ; but you've no right to come here without my permission.

SPALDING. But I came here to see Mr. Marsland, not you.

CATTERMOLE. *(shouting)* Is Mr. Marsland the principal object or am I ? Answer me that !

SPALDING. He's beginning again ! I shall go back to London and I don't like London. *(attempts to run off, C. CATTERMOLÉ catches him and drags him back to L.)* Look here, sir, if you will persist in behaving in this extraordinary manner, I shall have to be very cross with you.

CATTERMOLE. Cross with me ! Well, I like that ! I shall send you away. I shall send you to America. Six months among the Mormons ; that'll settle you. *(SPALDING says "How nice !" SPALDING puts handkerchief to his nose ; knocking it down)* Don't do that !

(SPALDING goes to pick it up. CATTERMOLÉ seizes him by the collar, placing his foot on parcel)

CATTERMOLE. Here, I must put you in here for the present. *(dragging him to L. I E. and looking off)* No, you can't go in there ! *(swings him round over settee and takes him up to L. U. E.)* Nor there ! *(Ditto to R. U. E. and, finally to R. I E., where he slings him off)* There ! don't you dare come out till I call you ! Here's a wreck.

SPALDING. *(putting his head out)* Would you kindly restore to me all my goods and chattels ?

CATTERMOLE. *(throwing each article separately. Gags ;* "There's your goods" *(bag), "there's your chattels" (shawl), "there's your showerstick" (umbrella), "frying-pan" (hat), "your Sunday trousers" (parcel), "your tobacco pouch" (golosh), "portmanteau" (band-box). SPALDING exits and returns says "Pardon me, my periodicals." CATTERMOLÉ hands "Sunday at Home" showing title saying "There's your War Cry." SPALDING goes, returns, says "My bottle of milk" and runs off.*

CATTERMOLE says "Third," throws it. *It must be caught off.* SPALDING returns, says, "Pardon me, my orange." CATTERMOLE says "Play," and bowls it. SPALDING muffs it and CATTERMOLE kicks him off saying "Butter-fingers!") And now I must get him away! but how I don't know.

(*Enter MISS ASHFORD, R. U. E.*)

MISS ASHFORD. Excuse me, Mr. Cattleshow!

CATTERMOLE. Cattermole! (*spells*)

MISS ASHFORD. Excuse me, Mr. Cattermole, but have you seen a stranger?

CATTERMOLE. No, I have not.

MISS ASHFORD. I thought I saw some one pass in here.

CATTERMOLE. (*angrily*) Well, I've not seen him. Don't you believe me?

MISS ASHFORD. Good gracious! Leave me my nose! (*goes up; exit R. U. E.*)

CATTERMOLE. I don't want your nose. That old fool of a woman's after him now.

(*Enter DOUGLAS, L. I. E., with GIBSON'S coat; he is going up stage*)

CATTERMOLE. Hullo! Where are you going with that coat? (C.)

DOUGLAS. Oh, I—I've an uncle who's a pawn-broker.

CATTERMOLE. Another uncle! Brother, I suppose, to the damned good cook. You seem a sensible young fellow—so put that coat down and come and talk to me. (DOUGLAS puts coat on chest) The fact is, I am in a devil of a fix and I want you to help me out of it.

DOUGLAS. If I can, I will. (*down L. C.*)

CATTERMOLE. Oh you can, because you know this house better than I do. The fact is, I have a nephew.

DOUGLAS. Indeed!

CATTERMOLE. Yes; and he's a blithering idiot.

DOUGLAS. Oh, really.

CATTERMOLE. He's here!

DOUGLAS. (*aside*) By Jove, he's found me out. I thought he would. (*go L.*)

CATTERMOLE. I want you to get rid of him.

(*turns up*)

DOUGLAS. I think I can do *that*.

(*goes L. C. back of settee*)

CATTERMOLE. (*pointing to R. I E.*) I've got him in there!

DOUGLAS. (*surprised, imitating CATTERMOLE, pointing*) In there?

CATTERMOLE. Yes, with all his goods and chattels. Now you must get him away. (*goes up*)

DOUGLAS. But where is he to go?

CATTERMOLE. I don't care—get him away. Take him to London—America—Kamschatka—Potter's Bar—Camberwell—anywhere.

DOUGLAS. But——

CATTERMOLE. Take him to the races and lose him, (*Exit R. U. E. Begin gently lowering lights*)

DOUGLAS. (*coming down to R. I E.*) I wonder who on earth I shall find here? (*opens door, looks in, starts, quickly shuts door, and whistles in astonishment*) Yes, by Jove, you must be got rid of! (*calling off*) Mr. Spalding!

SPALDING. Yes.

DOUGLAS. You can come out!

(*goes up and carefully looks off C. and L. U. E.*)

SPALDING. (*going up to him*) Oh! how fortunate to find you here! Has that dreadful man gone?

DOUGLAS. (*running SPALDING down to C., looking round cautiously*) Yes, he has gone, but tell me——

SPALDING. Tell you what?

DOUGLAS. How is it you've come here?

SPALDING. Mr. Marsland telegraphed for me to come immediately.

DOUGLAS. Oh, I see. And we had just left?

SPALDING. Yes.

DOUGLAS. But then, how is it that Mr. Cattermole takes you for his nephew?

SPALDING. I haven't an idea! I think the poor old gentleman's a lunatic—and he's got my bath bun.

DOUGLAS. Never mind your bath bun, but listen to me.

SPALDING. But I do mind it. I'm so fearfully hungry. D'you know I've had nothing to eat all day and I've such a pain here——

DOUGLAS. (*shaking him*) Will you listen to me?

SPALDING. (*resignedly*) Yes. I'm listening.

DOUGLAS. I'm going to take you away, and put you where you where you won't be seen.

SPALDING. Oh, fancy. Very odd! When I was sent for.

DOUGLAS. Yes, I daresay it appears odd, but I haven't time to explain now. So bring your things and come along. (*looks off, L. U. E.*)

SPALDING. (*drops orange*) Oh, I've dropped my orange. (*going up*) I'm sure I've lost half of my goods and chattels.

DOUGLAS. (*returning excitedly and running SPALDING down*) Confound it all! too late!

SPALDING. Too late! What's too late? I say, don't frighten me.

DOUGLAS. You can't go out there.

SPALDING. But where am I to go?

DOUGLAS. Oh, I know! I must put you up in the library. (*pushing him towards L. I E.*)

SPALDING. Oh, that'll just suit me.

DOUGLAS. Though there is already some one there.

SPALDING. (*alarmed*) Not that dreadful man?

DOUGLAS. No, though this fellow's a little mad too; but I've no doubt you'll be all right.

(*tries to force him through door*)

SPALDING. You'll pardon me, but I'm getting a little jammed.

(DOUGLAS *pushes him off, shuts door, and goes up.* SPALDING *returns, looks carefully about floor.*)

DOUGLAS. (*coming down*) What is it now? What is it now?

SPALDING. I've lost one of my buttons. (DOUGLAS *rushes him off. Putting his head out*) I say, you won't forget, it was a most important button!

DOUGLAS. No! no!

(*throws settee cushion. Hurriedly closes door*)

(*Enter MISS ASHFORD, R. U. E.*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*coming down, c.*) Then I did see right. And he is here.

DOUGLAS. (*at door*) Who?

MISS ASHFORD. The stranger I saw enter a little while ago. Who is it?

DOUGLAS. (*aside*) What on earth am I to say?

MISS ASHFORD. Who is it?

DOUGLAS. Miss Ashford you promised to be a motherly friend to me. (*goes c. to her*)

MISS ASHFORD. I did.

DOUGLAS. I claim the fulfilment of that promise now.

MISS ASHFORD. I'm quite ready.

DOUGLAS. (*looking cautiously around*) There is a secret connected with this stranger! He must be hidden for several days.

MISS ASHFORD. (*delighted*) Mr. Spalding! you have gratified the dearest wish of my heart! It is here!

DOUGLAS. What?

MISS ASHFORD. The medium.

DOUGLAS. (*aside*) By Jove, what a good idea.

MISS ASHFORD. Yes; I see it in your face! I asked you to telegraph, and it is here! Now, don't deny it.

DOUGLAS. Well, of course, if you will guess everything, it's no use denying it.

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, this is so good of you; so like your dear mother But now let me see him!

(*advancing towards L. I E.*)

DOUGLAS. (*stopping her*) No, no.

MISS ASHFORD. Why?

DOUGLAS. On no account! He's very much exhausted, and must have perfect rest and quiet for to-night.

MISS ASHFORD. These celestial beings are so highly organized. (*points to sky.* DOUGLAS *imitates*)

DOUGLAS. (*pointing to door*) This chap's fearfully highly organized.

MISS ASHFORD. But what shall we do with him? Where shall we put him?

DOUGLAS. I know. We must get him away to the gardener's.

MISS ASHFORD. The very place! Meet me here shortly before dinner. We dine, you know, at eight; it will then be quite dark, and we can get him away unperceived.

(*goes up, gradually lower lights to semi-darkness*)

DOUGLAS. (*follows her*) Very well. I shall expect you.

MISS ASHFORD. I'll go and tell Edith and Eva at once. How can I ever thank you for this great obligation?

(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

DOUGLAS. Oh, don't mention it.

(*Enter HARRY, L. U. E.*)

HARRY. (*crossing to fireplace*) Well, old fellow, how have you been getting on?

DOUGLAS. I'm half dead! (*sits arm-chair R.*)

HARRY. Anything the matter?

DOUGLAS. Everything's the matter! That fool Gibson got drunk at breakfast. Fortunately, I collared him just as the tailor was coming out; so I've put him away in there!

(*pointing to L. I. E.*)

HARRY. Then he's all right?

DOUGLAS. But that's not the worst of it! Mr. Spalding, the real private secretary, has turned up.

HARRY. No?

DOUGLAS. He's also in there!

(*points*)

HARRY. By Jove, you seem to have quite a collection in there. *(points)*

SPALDING. *(without)* No, I really cannot permit it. *(off L. I E.)*

GIBSON. *(without)* What are you talking about, you silly fool? Why don't you talk sense? *(off L. I E.)*

DOUGLAS. *(running to door)* They're actually talking! I should like to have seen the mutual introduction. *(half opens door)*

HARRY. So should I!

SPALDING. *(without)* D'you know——

GIBSON. *(without)* No, I don't know. I can't make head nor tail of what you're saying.

(DOUGLAS shuts door hastily)

(Enter EDITH and EVA, cautiously, R. I E.; stage dark. From this point to the entrance of GIBSON, the characters all speak in half whispers, except SPALDING, keeping up the ghostly mysterious line)

EDITH. *(crosses stealthily)* Mr. Spalding! Are you alone?

EVA. *(crossing stealthily)* Where's the medium?

DOUGLAS. You surely don't really believe——

(HARRY rattles fire-irons, and runs down; girls scream; EDITH falls into DOUGLAS'S arms, EVA into HARRY'S)

R. HARRY, EVA.

EDITH, DOUGLAS. R.

all down stage.

EDITH. Miss Ashford has told us everything. The gardener's got a room ready, and now we want to see the medium.

EVA. Yes, please; we want to see the medium.

DOUGLAS. But I've already told you that such beings are highly nervous.

HARRY. Yes, please let him have perfect rest and quiet for to-night.

EDITH. What is he like?

EVA. Very creepy, I'm sure.

HARRY. Well, yes, rather.

EDITH. Is he young or old?

DOUGLAS. Well, he's young.

EVA. Young and creepy! How thrilling!

EDITH. Thrilling? I begin to feel quite frightened!

(Enter SPALDING, L. I. E.)

EVA. *(frightened)* But wait until real spirits appear.

SPALDING. *(to DOUGLAS)* Do you know——

(crosses to C.)

{Girls scream and run up stage, hide behind curtains. DOUGLAS and HARRY seize SPALDING. SPALDING carried by one hand of each under knee, the other under arm, and throw him off L. I. E., struggling and remonstrating. Pause.}

(Picture, the boys looking at each other in dismay.)

DOUGLAS. *(crossing to R., to HARRY)* We must get him away to the gardener's.

HARRY. Yes, but we must first get the key. *(C.)*

DOUGLAS. *(going)* Come along then. *(at door R. I. E.)*

EDITH. *(running down to DOUGLAS)* Don't go without us!

EVA. *(running down to HARRY)* No, I won't be left here alone.

DOUGLAS. We'll all go together.

HARRY. Yes, we'll all go together!

(Exeunt, R. I. E. Noise without, R. I. E. Crash and GIBSON shouting "Don't talk to me." Broken up band-box thrown on after SPALDING who has remains of lid round his neck. Enter SPALDING greatly alarmed; he closes door and holds it; then runs C.)

SPALDING. And this is my birthday. Oh, that dreadful man! Why he's worse than the other! He

will insist upon measuring me for a strait waistcoat! I little thought that I was coming to be secretary to a private lunatic asylum. I'm not safe!

GIBSON. (*without*) Yoicks! Yoicks! Here, where have you got to go? I'm in the dark! Fetch a candle!

(SPALDING *runs to fireplace*)

SPALDING. (*taking up shovel*) Now, I don't wish to be unkind; but if he attacks me again, I shall give him a good hard knock. (GIBSON *mutters outside*) He seems a little quiet now. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm so fearfully tired, and weary, and sleepy, I'll endeavor to take a little repose. (*seats himself in arm-chair*) This is very comfortable! I shall remain here till somebody finds me!

(*Puts handkerchief over head; shovel resting over right arm; moans, and falls asleep*)

(*Enter DOUGLAS, R. 1 E.; looks cautiously around, then beckons off to HARRY.*)

DOUGLAS. Come along, Harry!

(*Enter EDITH, cautiously; she goes to DOUGLAS, followed by EVA, with HARRY.*)

EDITH. (*whispering*) Is the coast clear?

DOUGLAS. (*whispering*) Yes. Come along. S-s-sh!

(*They go up stage. They go up in line on tiptoe holding hands—turn simultaneously. SPALDING moans. All start and turn. Girls cling to DOUGLAS and HARRY.*)

EVA. (*seeing SPALDING*) There! there! it's the medium, and it's fast asleep!

(HARRY *advances, touches SPALDING, and pretends to be electrified. All start.*)

HARRY. (*going back to EVA*) All right. I'm here!

EVA. Did it bite?

EDITH. I hope nothing will appear now.

(*Enter MISS ASHFORD, R. I E., enveloped in white cloak with hood. All start.*)

MISS ASHFORD. Mr. Spalding! Mr. Spalding!
(*stumbles against settee*)

DOUGLAS. It's all right—it's only Miss Ashford!

EVA. (*to MISS ASHFORD*) Just fancy. The medium's fast asleep.

MISS ASHFORD. Is he? Where? Where?

ALL. (*pointing*) There!
(*mysteriously, simultaneous gesture*)

MISS ASHFORD. So he is!

DOUGLAS. Shall I wake him?

MISS ASHFORD. On no account! It may be a magnetic slumber! See, he embraces a large magnet! The medium may be in ecstasy! (*SPALDING snores*) He *is* in ecstasy! Who knows what sublime visions are passing through his mind? (*snores*) It is thus described in the book! First the spirits make themselves heard by knocking! (*GIBSON knocks off*) The knocking is heard! Now, soon the apparitions will glide from the medium.

(*Enter GIBSON, enveloped in curtain.*)

GIBSON. (*feeling his way*) What infernal nonsense to take away my coat.

MISS ASHFORD. (*waving her hand*) He comes! he comes!

Knocks against GIBSON; screams and falls fainting on settee; when MISS ASHFORD screams, girls do the same; EDITH falls on chair by piano; EVA on chair by fire; SPALDING wakes, rises and strikes GIBSON with shovel. DOUGLAS and HARRY, seeing the state of affairs, arrange in hurried talk what to do; DOUGLAS seizes GIBSON and throws him off, L. I E.; HARRY throws SPALDING off, R. I E.; close doors and stand with backs to them as MARSLAND and CATTERMOLLE enter, L. I E., preceded by JOHN with lamp; lights up. Tableau!

QUICK CURTAIN.

Second Picture.

(SPALDING R. I E. and GIBSON L. I E. threatening each other. CATTERMOLÉ fanning MISS ASHFORD over settee. MARSLAND supporting EDITH up C. with DOUGLAS fanning her. HARRY on knees fanning EVA at fire place. JOHN off)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. Curtains drawn. Lamp alight on sideboard. Large table with cover in place of small one in Act II., R. Position of chairs at fire-place reversed. HARRY discovered seated arm-chair by fire, reading newspaper.)*

HARRY. I wish Douglas would look sharp! He must have been gone nearly twenty minutes. (*rising and looking off, R. I E.*) Spalding is still in there waiting to be taken to a place of safety. (*Enter DOUGLAS, L. I E.*) Ah, thank goodness, old fellow, you've come at last! How's Gibson?

DOUGLAS. He's nearly all right now! But how about Spalding?

HARRY. We really must get this fellow out of the house. We've had a very narrow escape! My uncle was, of course, quite convinced that we'd been holding a séance.

DOUGLAS. (*looks off door L. I E.*) But does he know the part that Gibson and Spalding played in it?

HARRY. No, he hasn't an idea; but we really must get him out of the house. (*calling off, R. I E.*) Mr. Spalding!

SPALDING. (*without*) Yes.

HARRY. Will you be good enough to step in here? (*Enter SPALDING, R. I E.*) Now, Mr. Spalding, we've

got you a room ready, where you will be able to study to your heart's content. But it's not at all necessary that you should appear to-night, you understand?

SPALDING. Perfectly! All I ask for is a little repose and something to eat. D'you know, I've had nothing to eat all day, and I have such a pain here.

(drawing his hands across his chest)

DOUGLAS. I'll ask Miss Ashford to take him some food.

(moves up a little)

SPALDING. *(crossing to DOUGLAS)* Miss Ashford, did you say? She was my mother's most intimate friend. I shall be charmed to make her acquaintance.

HARRY. Well, so you shall, but come along now.

(they are pushing him up to c.)

SPALDING. *(stopping)* You'll pardon me, but all my goods and chattels are in that room yonder.

(pointing to L. I. E.)

DOUGLAS. I'll fetch them for you. *(Exit, L. & E.)*

SPALDING. Thanks.

HARRY. Now, Mr. Spalding, you must distinctly understand that you are to remain perfectly quiet.

SPALDING. Oh, yes, from my infancy I've always been accustomed to be seen and not heard.

HARRY. And now you're to be neither seen nor heard.

(R. C.)

SPALDING. Very odd! I really don't understand it.

(C.)

HARRY. I daresay it appears odd, but remember this—if you're discovered you're lost.

SPALDING. Oh, fancy! *(re-enter DOUGLAS with goods and chattels which he throws to SPALDING)* Thanks! Thanks! I'm sorry to give you so much trouble.

(DOUGLAS pushes him up to c. opening)

HARRY. *(looking off excitedly)* No, no, he can't go out there! Edith's coming up the passage.

DOUGLAS. *(excitedly)* My dear boy, he must!

HARRY. He can't! Quick! quick! *(They push him backwards and forwards between them. SPALDING says,* "Gentlemen, do you take me for a concertina?"

{Pushes SPALDING into arm-chair and sits over him with newspaper. DOUGLAS stands in front of them. Enter EDITH, C.)

EDITH. Ah, I wanted you! You promised to give me a music lesson, Mr. Spalding. *(crosses to piano L.)*

SPALDING. Oh, I shall be charmed!

DOUGLAS. Charmed! charmed!

(HARRY puts his hand over SPALDING'S mouth, then tips up chair, throwing him on floor. He then pushes him under table and sits on it. SPALDING trips him up. He throws goods and chattels under and sits on end of table)

EDITH. *(L. C. DOUGLAS C. To DOUGLAS)* Why, how odd your voice sounded! Quite far off!

DOUGLAS. Did it? Oh yes! it's a peculiarity of our family. Got an uncle who's a ventriloquist.

EDITH. Really!

DOUGLAS. Yes, such peculiarities often occur in families. You, for instance, I've noticed have a far-away expression in your eyes.

EDITH. Have I?

DOUGLAS. Yes, and I've got it in my voice.

(EDITH goes to piano)

(comes down to table. Looks inquiringly at HARRY who points under table)

(Enter EVA, R. U. E.)

EVA. *(crossing to EDITH)* I'm dying to hear you play, Mr. Spalding.

SPALDING. *(putting his head out at end of table)* Oh, I shall be charmed!

(HARRY and DOUGLAS beat him back; girls look; HARRY pretends to be dusting his boots with newspaper)

EDITH. He's going to give me a music lesson.

DOUGLAS. *(to HARRY)* What on earth am I to do? I don't know a note of music.

HARRY. Oh, you'll be all right! You've only to beat time and count one, two, three, four, you know.

(goes R. of table)

EVA. Won't you give us a little music?

(DOUGLAS goes C.)

EDITH. Yes, do give us a little music.

HARRY. Yes, do give us a little music, Mr. Spalding. (amused)

(DOUGLAS shakes fist at HARRY aside then runs down to beat SPALDING back)

SPALDING. (putting out head) I shall be delighted.

(They beat him back. SPALDING puts head out above top end of table and says "D'you know?" They beat him back. Girls looking over music at piano. HARRY takes umbrella and sits prepared for hitting his head if it comes out again, but SPALDING puts his feet out; HARRY puts down umbrella in disgust. Then tells DOUGLAS what to say to girls)

HARRY. (aside) Say you've sprained your wrist.

DOUGLAS (going up to EDITH) I'm awfully sorry. I should so much have liked to have played you something, but I—I've sprained my ankle—(catches HARRY's eye) wrist!

EDITH. I'm so sorry!

EVA. What a pity! (comes down to settee, sits)

DOUGLAS. (to EDITH) But won't you play?

HARRY. Yes, please do.

EDITH. (taking up a piece of music) Here's something I think I know. Let's see, it's common time, isn't it?

(DOUGLAS looks at HARRY, he looks at music and nods assent. HARRY R. of table. DOUGLAS C.)

DOUGLAS. Y—yes—very!

EDITH. } What?

EVA. }

DOUGLAS. Won't you go on? (EDITH plays. EVA on sofa. HARRY beats time with paper rolled up. DOUGLAS imitates clumsily. At four he looks at HARRY who nods then tries to stop DOUGLAS by waving paper. DOUGLAS not understanding goes faster as HARRY waves faster. At twenty HARRY bangs paper on table in despair. DOUGLAS goes down to table counting, guided by HARRY) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven— (to twenty, stopping, to HARRY) I can't count any faster. (EDITH stops playing)

HARRY. (after trying to make DOUGLAS understand by moving his fingers; aside to him) Four, four, four.

DOUGLAS. What for?

EDITH. What a very odd way of counting!

EVA. Yes, very.

DOUGLAS. (looking at HARRY) Is it? How do you count?

EDITH. I count one, two, three, four over and over again.

EVA. Of course.

DOUGLAS. (after a pause, suddenly) Oh yes, of course! That's the old-fashioned way—mine's the new way. Sometimes I count one way, sometimes the other; and sometimes I don't count at all! I say, Harry, you've heard me not count at all. (SPALDING unseen by HARRY puts feet out. DOUGLAS points to the feet then goes up to EDITH at piano) Won't you go on?

(EDITH resumes playing. HARRY crosses to get to EVA, stumbles over SPALDING'S feet; he goes back, kicks SPALDING'S feet and then sits by her)

HARRY (taking EVA'S hand) Ah, Eva, you would play much better. Your hands seem made for the piano.

EVA. You are trifling with me.

HARRY. No, don't think that! But let's go out; we can't talk here.

EVA. No, no. I must stay here, or Edith will be cross.

HARRY. No; but listen to me, Eva.

(tries to kiss her)

EVA. No, no; be quiet!

(EDITH stops playing. HARRY and EVA sit apart)

EDITH. I can't play while they're talking.

DOUGLAS. No; let's stop a little, till we're undisturbed.

EDITH. You're not a very strict master.

DOUGLAS. I must have some consideration for these delicate little fingers *(takes hand)*

EDITH. Now, if my cousin Harry were to say that.

DOUGLAS. And may I not also have a heart?

EDITH. I think I had better go on playing.

(continues playing)

HARRY. *(to EVA)* Now she's at it again—it's all up with talking.

EVA. Well, is it absolutely necessary for us to talk?

HARRY. Yes, Eva darling—for I want to tell you that to me you are the dearest little girl upon earth.

(Kisses her. EDITH strikes chord stops playing; they sit reading again, hidden behind paper)

DOUGLAS. Now, you know, I really can't give a music lesson like this! *(when DOUGLAS speaks HARRY and EVA start apart, coming down and leaning over settee)* That last passage ought to have been done mezzo-soprano.

HARRY. *(showing him newspaper)* I say, old fellow, here's something in your line! "Wanted, an able-bodied young man to beat the big drum in a travelling circus." *(DOUGLAS returns to EDITH with mock dignity)* Oh, I see what it is. We're in the way, we'd better go. *(rises and goes up)*

EVA. *(rising and following HARRY)* Yes, we're in the way, we'd better go!

EDITH. No, stay here, Eva.

EVA. No, we're in the way, we'd better go!

HARRY. *(calls "DOUGLAS" twice, he is bending over*

EDITH. DOUGLAS goes to him at c. opening. To DOUGLAS) "None but a thorough musician need apply."

(Gives DOUGLAS paper and exit c. with EVA; DOUGLAS throws paper after him)

EDITH. (*sitting at piano*) And now I can go on playing. (*plays*)

DOUGLAS. Oh, stop playing and listen to me.

EDITH. (*stopping*) But the music lesson?

DOUGLAS. Every word you utter is music to me. If I could only find a responsive echo in your heart to what I am going to say.

EDITH. (*coming down and sitting on settee*) I don't understand you.

DOUGLAS. (*coming down*) Miss Marsland—Edith, I've only known you for a very—very little time, but will you believe me when I tell you that I love you with all my heart? (*over settee*)

EDITH. You have no right to speak to me like this.

DOUGLAS. I know I haven't, but tell me, do you hate the sight of me?

EDITH. No, I don't hate the sight of you.

DOUGLAS. Do you altogether dislike me?

EDITH. No, I don't altogether dislike you.

DOUGLAS. Do you like me a little?

(*holds out hand. She gives hers*)

EDITH. Yes, a little (*he kisses her hand*)—a very little.

DOUGLAS. I thought you liked me a little more than a very little; but I see I was mistaken. Will you forgive me?

EDITH. (*rising and giving her hands*) Yes, I forgive you. And now, please leave me.

DOUGLAS. Forever?

EDITH. No, not so long as that.

DOUGLAS. (*kisses her*) And now to see Mr. Marsland, and make a clean breast of it. (*Exit, L. I E.*)

EDITH. What have I done? I ought not to have listened to him, and yet what he said came from the

heart. I'm sure he was in earnest! But papa? What will he say? Never mind, I shall tell him nothing, but act for myself.

'Goes up. SPALDING moans; she starts and looks about, first at L. U. E., then off C., then comes down L. of table)

SPALDING. Oh! (*crawls out R. from under table*) Why, I must have gone to sleep in my goloshes. (*takes off one golosh—keeps it in his hand*) Just fancy my being secretary to a private lunatic asylum. (*seeing EDITH*) D'you know——(*over R. of table pointing with golosh*)

(*EDITH screams and runs round to R. U. E., SPALDING following her. Enter CATTERMOLÉ, R. U. E. Picture. CATTERMOLÉ comes between them C. and seizes SPALDING who has shawl in his hand and now drops it C.*)

CATTERMOLÉ. (*to EDITH*) Don't make a noise, Miss Marsland; you'll alarm the whole house.

EDITH. (*crying*) Take him away! the horrid little thing.

CATTERMOLÉ. (*to SPALDING*) There, you hear! the lady says you're a horrid little thing! (*SPALDING says, "No she means you!"*) Now then, what are you doing here? (*to EDITH, who is still crying*) Don't make such a noise! You're making more noise than he is.

EDITH. Take it away. Take it away.

(*goes down R.*)

CATTERMOLÉ. My dear, *it* shall be removed. (*to SPALDING*) Now, sir, what are you doing here?

SPALDING. Do you know——(*points with golosh*)

CATTERMOLÉ. No, I don't know——

(*knocks it out of his hand*)

SPALDING. Mr. Marsland——(*to EDITH*)——what have you been saying to this youth?

EDITH. I haven't said anything.

SPALDING. No, no. *Mr.* Marsland telegraphed for me to come immediately.

CATTERMOLÉ. Yes, I know that. You told me that hours ago. Oh, I know what's the matter with you;

you've been drinking! (SPALDING says "No!" CATTERMOLLE says) "Yes you have, you've been with that tailor (*taking him by the coat*) Here, I must put you away again. (*takes him up; drags him to chest*) Here, you must go in here! (*opens chest*. SPALDING *breaks away and comes down* L., EDITH *alarmed*; CATTERMOLLE *comes c.*) Don't be alarmed, Miss Marsland, I'll capture him! (*takes him up and puts him into chest*. SPALDING *is in left corner*. CATTERMOLLE *makes mock hypnotic passes at him beckoning him up, he obeys meekly as if fascinated and gets into chest*. When he reappears from chest EDITH says "Look at him.") Lie down, and don't make the slightest noise. (*slams lid*)

SPALDING. Would you restore to me all my goods and chattels?

CATTERMOLLE. Your goods and chattels. (*gives him wrap*) Here's your wrap—if you're not careful you'll get a lot more raps.

SPALDING. How long am I to remain here?

CATTERMOLLE. (*banging down lid*) Lie down!

(*sits on chest*)

(*Enter* MISS ASHFORD, R. U. E., *after* SPALDING *knocks in chest*)

MISS ASHFORD. What has happened? Is anything the matter? What's that noise?

CATTERMOLLE. That's a Punch and Judy outside.

MISS ASHFORD. Punch and Judy didn't scream.

CATTERMOLLE. No, that was Miss Marsland screamed. She's upset her liver, I think. She fancied she saw something—somehow—somewhat.

MISS ASHFORD. Poor child! I fear the Spiritualism has disagreed with her. Come with me, my dear, and I'll give you something to tranquillize your nerves.

(EDITH *goes to her*)

CATTERMOLLE. Yes, that's right. Give her some tranquillizing stuff.

MISS ASHFORD. You want some tranquillizing stuff, you wicked old man.

CATTERMOLE. Good evening! Good evening!

MISS ASHFORD. For shame, Mr. Caterpillar!

(*Exeunt* MISS ASHFORD and EDITH, R. U. E.)

CATTERMOLE. (*opening chest*) Nice trouble you're getting me into! Come up, Jack in-the-Box!

SPALDING. Pardon me. I have a complaint to lodge. (*appears suddenly*)

CATTERMOLE. Where is it?

SPALDING. In the chest.

CATTERMOLE. That's your liver!

SPALDING. No; the ventilation of this chest is most inefficient.

CATTERMOLE. Can't help that. I'm not a Sanitary Inspector.

SPALDING. I'm so fearfully hungry! I've had nothing to eat all day, and have such a pain here.

CATTERMOLE. You're a perfect cormorant, you are. (*giving him golosh*) Here's your golosh, eat that! And now lie down! And remember if you are discovered you are lost!

SPALDING. Pardon me, if I am discovered I am found.

CATTERMOLE. Lost!

SPALDING. Found!

CATTERMOLE. Lost!! (*bangs lid down*)

SPALDING. (*opening lid*) Found!!

CATTERMOLE. Lost!!! (*bangs lid down*)

SPALDING. (*popping up*) D'you know, I've taken quite a dislike to you.

CATTERMOLE. (*banging down lid*) And now to find the secretary to get him away. (*Exit, L. U. E.*)

(*Enter* MISS ASHFORD, R. U. E.)

MISS ASHFORD. Edith has told me the cause of her fright. Poor child, to be left alone with a medium! Oh, that I had been in her place! What chances some people have only to throw them away. But stay! He

may still be hovering about ! Perhaps the magnetic influence which Dr. Bogus tells me I possess may serve to call him back. I'll try ! I'll try ! (*waves arms in the air, looking upwards.* SPALDING *thumps in chest.* MISS ASHFORD *walks down to R. corner*) He hears ! He raps and I am rapt !

SPALDING. (*opening chest, and rising*) It is impossible for me to remain here any longer. (*sees MISS ASHFORD*) This is evidently one of the female patients. The poor soul imagines she is swimming ! I'll speak to her. (*to her*) Dear lady !

MISS ASHFORD. (*seeing him*) Ah ! 'tis he ! 'tis he ! and my fondest hope is realized.

SPALDING. I beg your pardon.

MISS ASHFORD. Nay, never beg my pardon ! What an honor ! What an honor !

SPALDING. (*aside*) The poor soul's very mad ! I'll hold converse with her. (*getting out of chest*)

MISS ASHFORD. He comes ! He comes by instalments !

SPALDING. (*coming down to her, R.*) Dear lady I implore you——

MISS ASHFORD. Nay, never implore me ! Rather let me implore you. Let us hold converse together. Let us journey together. Let us fly together.

SPALDING. Where ?

MISS ASHFORD. Into the realms of the spirit world !

SPALDING. But may I not first tell you my story ?

MISS ASHFORD. Would that I had time to hear it— (*leading him to settee*) for it must be an interesting one ; but time presses ; might we not employ the moments better ? (*sits on settee*)

SPALDING. This is most embarrassing ! She is evidently an amorous lunatic ! I hope she won't make love to me !

(*turns L. to go up, she pulls him down by his coat-tails he sits L. of her*)

MISS ASHFORD. Ah, do not leave me ! The risk we

run of being discovered is enormous—the danger great—yet would I dare all—for is not the opportunity priceless?

SPALDING. Quite so—quite so. But why should we mind being discovered, dear lady?

MISS ASHFORD. Brave creature! You care nought for bodily ills. But know this—if you are discovered you are lost!

SPALDING. (*aside*) That is evidently a password of some kind.

MISS ASHFORD. But why waste the time in idle talk? Teach me, oh teach me! You'll find me an attentive pupil. See, here I will sit at your feet. Let me learn something of the secrets of your mystic calling.

SPALDING. (*rising*) She's evidently a lunatic of the most advanced type. Would I had remained in the chest. (*goes up to chest*)

MISS ASHFORD. (*going, R.*) He doesn't answer. His mind is absent! Time presses and I must recall him to the present. (SPALDING *has got quickly into chest and closed lid. MISS ASHFORD turns, gives a little scream and says "Gone!" He reappears slowly raising lid with head then gets out and stands meekly in front of chest. Aloud*) Ah, do not leave me, I pray you, gentle spirit, do not vanish. Who would dream what power, what intellect, what massive strength lies hidden behind that gentle exterior.

SPALDING. Quite so, quite so.

MISS ASHFORD. But for the secrets of your mystic calling if you knew how I hunger!

SPALDING. (*who has come down*) Dear lady, so do I.

MISS ASHFORD. But you can always attain your wishes.

SPALDING. I wish I could.

MISS ASHFORD. Then you do acknowledge a superior in your calling?

SPALDING. Be seated, dear lady! once more.

(*leads her to settee: they sit*)

MISS ASHFORD. Ah.

SPALDING. Quite so. Dear lady, I'm going to ask you a favor.

MISS ASHFORD. Ask me a favor?

SPALDING. Yes. Will you grant it?

MISS ASHFORD. Whatever lies in my poor power.

SPALDING. Can you get me a ham sandwich?

MISS ASHFORD. A ham sandwich?

SPALDING. Yes, or a bath bun.

MISS ASHFORD. A bath bun?

SPALDING. D'you know I've had nothing to eat all day, and I have such a pain here.

MISS ASHFORD. Poor martyr! Yes, this poor shell must be supplied; it won't take much. (*rising*) But you must remain concealed till I can take you to a place of safety. (*taking him up*)

SPALDING. You're not going to hide me, are you?

MISS ASHFORD. Only for a few moments.

SPALDING. D'you know, I've been hiding all the morning. I never had such a hiding before!

MISS ASHFORD. (*taking him to chest*) Here!

SPALDING. Pardon me, not in the chest. Think of the Mistletoe Bough.

MISS ASHFORD. (*drawing curtains*) Behind these curtains, you may remain concealed.

SPALDING. But the draught.

MISS ASHFORD. I will bring you one immediately.

SPALDING. D'you know, I've had nothing to quench my thirst all day but an acidulated drop.

MISS ASHFORD. Poor martyr! but remain there, and I will return immediately with viands of the choicest.

SPALDING. I should prefer the ham sandwich.

MISS ASHFORD. You shall have it, but remember this—if you're discovered, you're lost. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

SPALDING. It is a password. (*draws curtain*)

(*Enter CATTERMOLLE, L. U. E.; goes to chest. Enter HARRY, R. U. E., looks under table*)

CATTERMOLE. Now, to get this miserable worm
aw (*opens chest, astonished*) Why, the worm's gone!

(slams down lid. At once HARRY turns, jumps sitting on table. CATTERMOLE sits simultaneously on chest)

HARRY. *(alarmed looks round)* Ah, how do you do?

CATTERMOLE. *(imitating)* How do you do?

HARRY. I'm looking for something I've mislaid.

CATTERMOLE. I've mislaid something I'm looking for.
(peeps into vase on piano)

(Enter GIBSON, L. I E.)

GIBSON. *(looking off)* Here, none of your cheek!

CATTERMOLE. Oh, here's that tailor fellow. I can't stand him.
(Exit, L. U. E)

JOHN. *(without)* Ah, yes, you're all right now, sir.

GIBSON. *(to HARRY)* I say, that flunkey's deuced impertinent.

HARRY. Never mind the flunkey, Mr. Gibson, but listen to me. In consequence of your behavior this morning, my uncle has ordered your things to be taken to the station.

GIBSON. Oh, don't say that! I'll apologize. A gentleman can apologize.

HARRY. Yes, but not in your case. I'm sure you can blame no one for this but yourself.

GIBSON. You don't mean to say that I'm to go?

HARRY. I do! Exactly!
(Exit, R. I E.)

GIBSON. Confound it, this is a nuisance! Just as I was getting on so well, too. Well I suppose it's only the gentlemanly thing to do; so I'll be off. I shall be able to call again and apologize, and perhaps get on visiting terms. *(going up; SPALDING puts his feet behind curtains; he sees them)* Why, that's a couple of feet! *(retreating)* There's a man concealed behind that curtain. Perhaps it's a burglar! If it is, here's my chance of distinguishing myself. I'll get into their good graces. *(taking up shovel and tongs)* I'll attack him! I'll show them I can be a man if they don't think I'm a gentleman. *(advancing, frightened, to curtains. SPALDING rests one foot on top of the other)* No,

by the look of the feet he must be a brawny ruffian ! On second thoughts I'll ring for assistance, (*rings bell*) that's the safest plan. I shall be the means of punishing the scoundrel and earning Mr. Marsland's eternal gratitude. (*enter JOHN, L. I E. banging him with shovel*) Here, there's a man concealed behind those curtains ! (*JOHN makes for door, L. I E. ; GIBSON pulls him back with tongs*) Don't run away. Run for assistance, and bring a stout cord to bind him with. You understand ?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

(*Exit, L. I E.*)

GIBSON. I shall be able to curry favor with Mr. Marsland, expose that infernal young Cattermole without hurting myself, and stand upon my dignity as a gentleman—if they'll only give me a chance !

(*Re-enter JOHN with cord*)

GIBSON. Don't be frightened ! (*GIBSON R. and JOHN L. points to curtains encouraging each other to go first. They go up on tiptoe together. SPALDING drops one foot off the other. They start back. Repeat bus. and advance and draw curtains right back simultaneously*) Seize him, bind him and I—I—I'll find Mr. Marsland.

(*Exit, hurriedly, R. U. E.*)

(*disclosing SPALDING sitting, reading "Sunday at Home"; he looks up quietly*)

JOHN. Now, then, what are you doing here ?

SPALDING. I'm reading the *Sunday at Home*.

JOHN. Come along !

(*seizes him, pushes him roughly into chair, C., and binds him to it*)

SPALDING. (*aside*) This is evidently one of the warders. Now for the password ! (*aloud*) If you are discovered you are lost.

JOHN. Yes, and sent to the lock-up.

SPALDING. Would you kindly explain to me the meaning of this treatment ?

JOHN. You'd better be very careful what you say.
It'll all be taken down as evidence against you.

(retires to back)

(Enter CATTERMOLÉ and MARSLAND, L. U. E.)

CATTERMOLE. The worm! *(goes down L.)*

MARSLAND. What's all this about?

SPALDING. That's just what I've been asking this gentleman.

MARSLAND. But what are you doing here?

SPALDING. Well, by this time I really don't know.

JOHN. Oh, sir, he's a desperate character! We found him hiding behind the curtains.

MARSLAND. Well, have you tied him up?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

MARSLAND. Then you may go! *(exit JOHN, c.)*

(Enter MISS ASHFORD, with basket, R. I. E.)

MISS ASHFORD. *(at table)* What! Is it possible? Oh, joy! What a triumph! Is he going to do it? Is he going to show you how it's done? Now, Mr. Marsland, you will believe me, won't you? He can't have any accomplices here!

MARSLAND. *(crossing to her)* But what have you got there?

MISS ASHFORD. Something for him. Poor fellow, he's had nothing to eat all day.

MARSLAND. For him! *(points to CATTERMOLÉ who growls dissent)* For whom?

MISS ASHFORD. The medium.

MARSLAND. A medium in my house! Where is he?

MISS ASHFORD. There, before your eyes.

(CATTERMOLÉ looks pityingly at MISS ASHFORD, pointing to head and shaking head)

CATTERMOLE. That thing a medium! Well, he doesn't look a very happy medium! But there, I dis-

own him, I cast him off! I'll have nothing more to do with him.

SPALDING. Well, there's some comfort in that! Will some one release me from this invidious position? Would you kindly untie me?

MARSLAND. Oh, untie——

MISS ASHFORD. (*interrupting*) No, you must do that yourself; and then you'll float around the room, won't you? And you'll make him float, won't you?

(*to CATTERMOLE*)

CATTERMOLE. No, no, you won't! You'd upset my liver!

MARSLAND. Miss Ashford, your Spiritualism is turning your brain.

(*Enter KNOX C. from L.*)

MARSLAND. What do you want?

KNOX. Beg pardon, sir, the servant told me I should find Mr. Cattermole here.

CATTERMOLE. Well, here I am! What on earth do you want with me?

KNOX. No, sir. Not you! Mr. Cattermole, jun., Mr. Douglas Cattermole. (*sees SPALDING*) Ah, here he is! I serve you with that writ!

(*sticks it in his collar; going*)

SPALDING. If you are discovered you are lost.

MARSLAND. Stop a moment, my good man! How do you know that this is Mr. Douglas Cattermole?

KNOX. Why, sir, from the description. "Believed to be at Mr. Marsland's, disguised in clerical attire."

(*Exit, C. to L.*)

MARSLAND. Mr. Cattermole, I appeal to you. Is this young man your nephew?

CATTERMOLE. That thing? Yes, I'm sorry to say he is.

(*goes up L.*)

(*Enter GIBSON, R. U. E.*)

GIBSON. Ah, Mr. Marsland, how glad I am to find

you here. Sir, I've saved you no inconsiderable loss. I don't know what would have 'appened if I had not been here.

MARSLAND. Much obliged to you for your good intentions, Mr. Gibson.

MISS ASHFORD. Mr. Spalding knew of his arrival. Perhaps Mr. Spalding can explain.

SPALDING. What's the use of explaining, dear lady? No one will listen.

MISS ASHFORD. Oh, but Mr. Spalding has great weight in this household.

SPALDING. Well, I should never have thought it.

(*Enter DOUGLAS, L. I. E.*)

DOUGLAS. (*aside*) By Jove! they've unearthed the parson! (L. corner)

SPALDING. (*rising and coming down, c.*) Ah! (*SPALDING being tied to chair brings it with him. As he rises legs of chair hit GIBSON'S shins who is crossing at back to CATTERMOLÉ*) here's my friend! Would you kindly—

DOUGLAS. (*aside to him*) Say you're Cattermole.

SPALDING. Say my Catechism? (*DOUGLAS goes L.*)

MARSLAND. (*to DOUGLAS*) This person in the chair here appeals to you. There's some mystery about all this. Will you be good enough to explain?

(*Enter EDITH, R. U. E., followed by EVA and HARRY.*)

EDITH comes down R. C. on MARSLAND'S L. EVA and HARRY go to fireplace. SPALDING with chair L. C. looking round helplessly. GIBSON comes down on DOUGLAS' R. CATTERMOLÉ comes to back of settee)

EDITH. Papa dear, the dinner-bell has rung such a long time.

MARSLAND. But there's some mystery.

GIBSON. (*to DOUGLAS*) So you've got the writ, eh, Mr. Spalding?

SPALDING. Yes, this is the second time I've had it.

GIBSON. You! (*taking writ from his collar*) Did Knox give it you? I don't want you, my good man. (*pushes him away; he falls on settee; to DOUGLAS, giving him writ*) I serve you with this writ, Mr. Douglas Cattermole.

ALL. Douglas Cattermole!

CATTERMOLE. That's Mr. Spalding, Mr. Marsland's private secretary.

GIBSON. I beg your pardon, sir, that is Mr. Douglas Cattermole, who owes me, Sydney Gibson, of Bond-street £300. (*L. of settee*)

CATTERMOLE. (*imitating*) Very well, Mr. Sydney Gibson of Bond-street, you shall have your £300. (*to DOUGLAS*) So, then you are my nephew!

DOUGLAS. Yes. (*goes to him. GIBSON goes L.*)

CATTERMOLE. Then what do you mean by masquerading at my friend's house in this manner?

DOUGLAS. I've been trying to sow my wild oats.

CATTERMOLE. And so you drink something stronger than tea?

DOUGLAS. Yes.

CATTERMOLE. And do you read the *Pink'un* and the *Blue'un* and the *Winning Post*?

DOUGLAS. Yes.

CATTERMOLE. And you make a book on the races?

DOUGLAS. Yes—sometimes.

CATTERMOLE. Come to my arms, then, you're my nephew after all.

(*they embrace. EDITH goes up to C. opening. DOUGLAS joins her*)

MARSLAND. (*to SPALDING*) Now, sir, if you're not Mr. Douglas Cattermole who the devil are you, and what are you doing in my house?

SPALDING. D'you know——

ALL. No!

SPALDING. Mr. Marsland telegraphed for me to come immediately.

MARSLAND. I telegraphed for you?

SPALDING. Yes. I came here to be secretary to your private lunatic asylum.

MARSLAND. My private lunatic——

GIBSON. (*to SPALDING*) Oh, so you're not a burglar!

SPALDING. No.

MISS ASHFORD. And you're not a medium?

SPALDING. No.

CATTERMOLE. And you're not my nephew?

SPALDING. { (*together*) } No, thank goodness,

CATTERMOLE. { } I'm not.
No, thank goodness,
you're not.

MARSLAND. Then your name is——

SPALDING. Robert Spalding.

MISS ASHFORD. Robert Spalding! (*crossing to him*),

"Then you are my dear little Bobbykins after all?"
(*kisses him*)

ALL. Miss Ashford!

MISS ASHFORD. I was his mother's dearest friend, and I will be his—friend.

(*They go up, behind settee. GIBSON unties chair and she gives him sandwiches from basket*)

CATTERMOLE. (*to MARSLAND*) Our old scheme can now be carried out. My nephew's a fine presentable young fellow, and can marry your daughter; and from what I can see, they've already settled it between them.

DOUGLAS. (*coming down with EDITH C.*) Yes, Mr. Marsland, Edith has consented—subject to your approval—to become my wife.

EDITH. Yes, please, papa, we want to get married.

MARSLAND. Married! Rubbish! Just look at Eva; she's far more sensible.

HARRY. (*down R. with EVA*) Yes, uncle, she's sensible enough to take me.

CATTERMOLE. Come! Come! You can't have any objection. You know you're pleased as Punch. I say, do you remember the last wedding we went to—you had a drop too much of the——
(*all laugh*)

MARSLAND. (*trying to silence him*) Hush! Well, I suppose I must give way! (*to DOUGLAS*) Here, take her!

DOUGLAS. Thank you, sir. Exchange, they say, is no robbery—and though I have taken from you your daughter, I've found you what you long needed,

A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

CURTAIN.

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

JUST PUBLISHED

Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office

ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home

ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

LIBRARY
31 MAR 1977
TORONTO
JUST PUBLISHED.

CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, there discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Dora Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Dora turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

Price, 60 Cents.

MICE AND MEN

A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Costume about 1786. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interior, one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of over forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by all females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

Price, 60 Cents.

SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM

A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident, the latter eventually turning out to be the girl's father.

Price. 60 Cents.

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over 10 years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the favors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As said by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive!"

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional piece.

Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request



006005711049

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, and New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other scenes. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of an amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited for production.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "Down," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unique types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, the aristocrat's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and she assists them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish woman of the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had stolen from her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic moments. This is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best plays we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The story is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female actors.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an excellent play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is new and while thoroughly pleasing.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
